UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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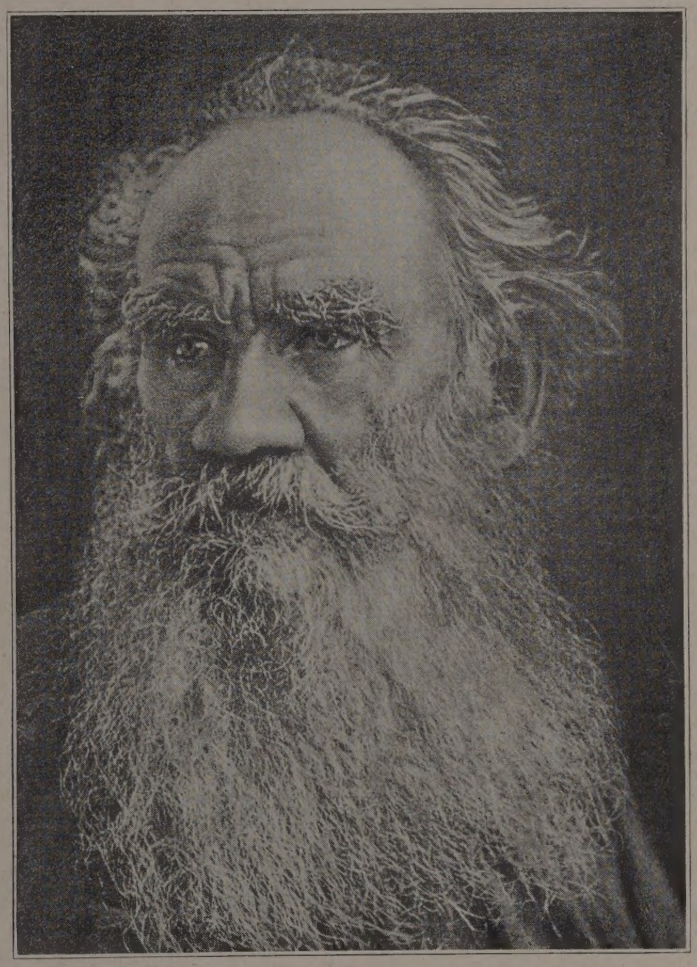

Tolstoy in 1906

From Vol. II, Life of Tolstoy
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1928 NUMBER 1

GANDHI ON TOLSTOY

(A Letter)

The Ashram,
Sabarmati, 20-4-28.

Dear Friend:

I have your letter. I cannot resist you, but I take you at your word. I send you a single sentence as follows:

Tolstoy's greatest contribution to life lies, in my opinion, in his ever attempting to reduce to practice his professions without counting the cost.

Yours sincerely,
M. K. GANDHI.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes,
12 Park Avenue, New York City.

Leo Tolstoy—1828-1928

One hundred years ago this month, on September 9th (August 28th, O. S.), 1828, was born the immortal Leo Tolstoy.

The anniversary of the advent of such a man becomes an event in passing time. As Voltaire—to quote the famous words of John Morley—is today the name not of a man merely but of an epoch, so Tolstoy is the name no longer of a person but of a moral ideal. And this ideal is the prime concern of UNITY! All that this paper strives to stand for was sublimely embodied in the thought and life of this "great master, whom to criticize is vain and to admire alone is permitted." Therefore has UNITY seized upon this centennial anniversary as an occasion for acclaim and dedication.

Leo Tolstoy was one of the giants of history. Physically, intellectually, spiritually, he loomed taller and bulked larger than other men.

In himself he was the greatest moral genius, and in his relations with other men the greatest moral influence, of his time. Only two others of the illustrious leaders of the nineteenth century—Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln—matched him in power and enduring fame; but he outranked them both in sheer magnitude of personality and range of moral being. Like Mt. Everest among the Himalayas, this mighty Russian over-topped the loftiest of his contemporaries. Already lifted by his colossal novels into the august company of the few supreme writers of all times, Tolstoy deliberately cast aside his immortal work in the field of art, and became suddenly a prophet and reformer. The peer in accomplishment of Dante, Goethe, Hugo, and his own compatriot, Dostoevsky, he now attained through struggle, discipline and sacrifice, to the austere and sparse succession of the saints. He followed in the steps of Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Francis; he led the way for Gandhi. Now here, now there, the Spirit incarnates itself in man. In Tolstoy the holy flame leaped higher and shone farther than in any other man in Christian history.

What is unique in Tolstoy is the combination of supreme intellectual genius and personal power with utter devotion to the eternal verities.

He didn't attain to these verities without a struggle. This struggle was constant, and burned to the very core of his being. As a roistering youth, he was unable to stifle the still, small voice within his soul; as a broken old man, he was unable to

quell the lusts of the flesh upon his bones. Between these two there raged in Tolstoy's breast a war like that between Michael and Lucifer upon the plains of Milton's heaven. Only the intervention of a will as potent as the Son of God himself,

> Under (whose) burning wheels
> The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,

availed to bring him victory in this mortal fray. But in his struggle, vision became clear, and gazed as full upon the eternal verities of life as stars upon the deeps of endless space.

Again, through accidents of circumstance, Tolstoy was tempted to mingle these verities with the alleged teachings of Jesus, and to clothe the principles of righteousness and love with strangely literal interpretations of the Gospels. This gave to what is essentially eternal a temporal aspect, and to what is universal a local color. It identified, also, the quest of farthest truth with curiously petty problems of textual controversy. But all this sank and disappeared, like marshy weeds, beneath the onsweeping flood of Tolstoy's oceanic spirit. Whether we accept or not his readings of the Gospels, whether we agree or disagree with his interpretations of Jesus, we yield to him, the man who, like another Moses, climbed the Mount of Vision, and received thereon the tablets of the law.

Tolstoy needed no authority of Scripture or Savior to validate his life. His own witness to the eternal verities of which we speak, is his contribution to the race's heritage. He saw that pure religion is not creed, or ritual, or revelation, but perfect obedience to the will of God, which is "that every man should love his fellowmen, and act toward others as he desired that they should act toward him." He disclosed that the essence of life is not in wealth or pleasure, or self-seeking, but in labor and suffering, in humility and meekness of spirit, in renunciation alike of possession and ambition. He discovered and proclaimed anew the equality of men, and in this equality found that unity of the race which is the enduring substance of humanity. He revealed with incomparable clarity the power and beauty of that love which "never faileth," unless it betray itself by resort to force and violence. He taught the universal church, the world-wide comity of nations, the brotherhood of man. Above all, within himself he lived, with whatsoever struggle and agony, the truth he imparted to the world.

> It may be, (he said, in his famous reply to the Holy Synod) that my beliefs offend, trouble, or scandalize some. It may be that they disturb or displease; but it is not in my power to change these beliefs any more than it is in my power to change my body. . . . I love truth more than all the world.

The appearance of such a man was like the rising of another planet in the spirit's skies. With fresh and glorious lustre, Tolstoy shone upon the ways of men, and gave them light and leading. At the same time, and by the same necessity, he disclosed the range and terror of the darkness through which they feebly stumbled. Men were given to see in Tolstoy's day the life which they should live —and to see as well the death which they were dying. Tolstoy, that is, like every great prophet, was a judge as well. He disclosed, as no man before or since him has disclosed, the basically immoral character of our civilization. Whatever he proved or didn't prove in his personal philosophy, whatever he achieved or didn't achieve in his personal life, he at least made clear forever that in a true society there is no place for war or preparedness for war; no place for poverty, ignorance and disease; no place for rich and poor, noble and peasant, citizen and alien; no place for a despotic state and a dogmatic church; no place for authority that rules, as in Pilate, by force, and, as in Caiaphas, by superstition. "Our social life," he said, "is one in which dissension, falsehood and violence are all-powerful;" and this social life, he continued, must be replaced "by a new order in which humanity, truth and brotherhood shall reign." So Tolstoy judged, as other men have judged. But none with such finality! The world could not escape those beetling brows and piercing eyes. Hating, fearing, condemning, it dared not touch that majestic figure. Here was one prophet so awful in power, so stupendous in personal authority, that neither sword nor mitre could subdue him to martyrdom. There was something cosmic about Leo Tolstoy. He loomed like Sinai, and spoke like smoke and flame. Before him men stood condemned, and crouched them in the dust. By him they were quickened, and raised them to the stars. Never in history has there been so potent and universal a moral influence. This man was the conscience of a world which will never sleep again until it is reborn.

UNITY, from its humble place, looks up to Tolstoy as one of the major influences of its life. In him among modern men, as in Jesus among ancient men, it seems to find the Way, the Truth, the Life. Therefore, has UNITY summoned this cloud of witnesses to laud the name and spread the fame anew of this immortal prophet of the spirit. This issue of our paper is a wreath of many leaves and blossoms laid reverently upon Tolstoy's tomb.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Response of Asia to Tolstoy

When Tolstoy died, it was not yet possible to measure the repercussion of his thought throughout the world. The seed was cast into the earth. It was necessary to await the summer.

Now the harvest is grown. From Tolstoy is sprung a tree of Jesse. The word has become flesh. To St. John, the Forerunner of Yasnaya Polyana, has succeeded the Messiah of India whom he had blessed, Mahatma Gandhi.

One must admire the splendid economy of human history, in which, despite the seeming eclipses of great efforts of the spirit, nothing essential is lost; and the ebb and flow of mutual reactions form a continuous current which ceaselessly enriches itself while nourishing the earth.

In 1847, at the age of 19, young Tolstoy, sick in a hospital at Kazan, found as a neighbor in the bed beside his own a Buddhist priest, a Lama, who had been seriously wounded in the face by a brigand; and he caught from this man the first glimpse of the law of Non-Resistance which the sweep of his life was to engulf for thirty years.

Sixty-two years later, in 1909, the young Indian, Gandhi, received from the hands of the dying Tolstoy this holy flame which the great Russian apostle had cherished within himself, warmed with his love, fed with his grief; and from it he kindled the torch which has illumined India and touched with its rays all portions of the earth.

But before coming to the story of this baptism in Jordan, we wish to sketch rapidly the relationships which Tolstoy enjoyed with Asia. A "Life of Tolstoy"* without this study would be incomplete today. For the influence of Tolstoy upon Asia will have more significance in history, perhaps, than his influence upon Europe. He has served as the first great Highway of the Spirit to link together, from East to West, all the members of the older continent. Now, in more senses than one, two streams of pilgrims cut deep this open way.

The Orient always attracted Tolstoy. As a young man studying at the University of Kasan, he had chosen from the beginning the faculty of Oriental, Arabo-Turkish languages. In his years in the Caucasus, he was in prolonged contact with Mohammedan culture, and was deeply impressed by it. Soon after 1870 there began to appear, in his collections of stories and legends for primary schools, some Arabian and Indian tales. When the hour of his religious crisis arrived, the Bible proved inadequate, and he did not hesitate to consult the religions of the Orient. He read widely. Soon came the idea of making Europe profit from these readings, and he assembled under the title, "*Les pensées des hommes sages*," an anthology wherein the Gospels, Buddha, Lao-tse, Krishna appear together. He was convinced, at the first glance of his eye, of the fundamental unity of the great religions of humanity.

But what he especially sought was direct contact with Asiatics. And in the last ten years of his life, a close network of correspondence was knit between Yasnaya and the countries of the East.

I

Of all these countries, it was China whose thought was nearest to his own. And yet it was this country which confided in him the least. From 1884 on, he studied Confucius and Lao-tse; the latter was his favorite among the wise men of antiquity.[1] But, in actual fact, Tolstoy had to wait until 1895 to exchange his first letter with a compatriot of Lao-tse; and he appears never to have had more than two Chinese correspondents. It is true that these were men of mark. One was a savant, Tsien Huangtung; the other that great litterateur, Ku-Hung-Ming, whose name is well known in Europe, and who now has been driven by the Revolution from his professorship at the University of Peking into exile in Japan.

In the letters which he addressed to these two distinguished Chinese, and especially in that very long letter (October, 1906) to Ku-Hung-Ming, which has all the character of a manifesto, Tolstoy expresses the attachment and admiration which he feels for the Chinese people. These sentiments have been strengthened by the trials which China has undergone with noble fortitude during these last years when the nations of Europe have assaulted her with such ignoble brutality. Tolstoy begs her to persevere in this serene patience, and prophesies that it will bring to her ultimate victory. The instance of Port Arthur, the abandonment of which by China to Russia cost the latter so dear (Russo-Japanese war), gives assurance that it will be the same with Germany at Kieu-tschau and with England at Wei-hai-Wei. Robbers always end by stealing among themselves! But Tolstoy is disturbed to learn that recently the spirit of violence and war has awakened among the Chinese, and he adjures them to resist it. If they allow themselves to be caught by this contagion, it will be a disaster not only in the sense suggested by "one of the most vulgar and ignorant representatives of the West, the Kaiser of Germany," who warned Europe against the yellow peril, but from the standpoint of the higher interests of humanity. For with the old China would disappear the basis of that true wisdom, popular and practicable, instinct with peace and the ideal of labor, which ought to spread progressively from the Middle Empire to all peoples everywhere. Tolstoy believes that the moment has come for a complete revolution in the life of humanity; he has the conviction that China, at the head of the peoples of the Orient, is called to enact the chief role in this drama. The task of Asia is to show to the rest of the world the true road to true liberty; and this road, says Tolstoy, is none other than Tao. Let China especially guard herself from desiring to reform her life upon the pattern, or model, of the West—that

*This essay is part of a new French edition of the "Life of Tolstoy," by Roman Rolland, to appear on the occasion of the Tolstoy centennial. Translated into English by John Haynes Holmes.

1. It seems that certain Chinese have recognized this affinity. A Russian traveler in China writes in 1922 that Chinese anarchism is imbued with Tolstoy, and that their common precursor is Lao-tse.

is, by replacing her despotism by a constitutional regime, a national army, and a great industry. Let her ponder the lamentable picture of these peoples of Europe, with their proletarian hell, their class struggles, their competitive armaments and endless wars, their policies of colonial rapine, the blood-stained bankruptcy of a whole civilization. Europe is an example—yes!—of what must not be done. And as China, on the other hand, is unable to remain in her present position, wherein she sees herself exposed to all manner of aggression, but one way is open: that of absolute Non-Resistance as between her government and all other governments. Let her pursue, unmoved, her cultivation of the soil, while yielding herself singly to the law of God! Europe will find herself disarmed before the heroic and serene passivity of 400 millions of men. All human wisdom and the secret of all happiness are in the life of peaceful work, each man in his own field, following the guidance of the principles of the three religions of China—Confucianism, which frees from brutish force; Tao-ism, which prescribes that we do not do unto others what we would not have others do unto us; and Buddhism, which is all love and self-surrender.

We see what China appears to be doing today with these counsels of Tolstoy; and it does not appear that his learned correspondent, Ku-Hung-Ming, gained much profit from them, for his traditionalism, distinguished but narrow, offers as a complete panacea for the fever of the modern world in its sore travail a *"Grand Charte de Fidélité"* to the established order of the past.[2] But one must not judge the immense ocean by these ripples on its surface. And who can say if the people of China are not much nearer the thoughts of Tolstoy, so closely in accord with the millennial tradition of her sages, than we would be led to suppose by these partisan wars and revolutions, which pass and die upon the face of eternity.

II

Completely in contrast to the Chinese are the Japanese, who, with their feverish vitality, their curious interest in every new thought in the universe, were the first people of Asia with whom Tolstoy entered into relations (about 1890, or a little after). He distrusted them, with their nationalistic and militaristic fanaticism, especially their prodigious agility in adapting themselves to the civilization of Europe and espousing upon the instant all of its abuses. Nor can one say that his distrust was entirely unjustified, for the quite abundant correspondence that he had with them brought him more than one disappointment. There was the young Jokai, for example, editor-in-chief of the journal, *Didaitschou-lu,* who called himself Tolstoy's disciple, and claimed to have reconciled his teaching with patriotism, but repudiated it publicly in 1904, at the outbreak of the war of Japan with Russia. Still more deceptive was the young H. S. Tamura, who, moved at first even to tears by the reading of an article by Tolstoy[3] upon the Russo-Japanese war, trembling in every limb, and crying in rapture that "Tolstoy was the one great prophet of our time," nevertheless let himself be tossed by the waves of patriotic delirium which swept Japan after the destruction of the Russian fleet at Tsusima, and ended by publishing a vicious book attacking Tolstoy.

More stable and sincere—but how far from the true thought of Tolstoy!—were those Japanese Social-Democrats, heroic objectors against war,[4] who wrote to Tolstoy in September, 1904, and to whom Tolstoy, in thanking them, expressed his absolute condemnation at once of war and of Socialism.[5]

But in spite of everything, the spirit of Tolstoy broke the surface of Japan, and plowed deep into its soil. When in 1908, on the occasion of his 80th birthday, his Russian friends appealed to all his friends throughout the world to join with them in publishing a book of testimonials, Naoshi Kato sent an interesting essay, which shows the considerable influence of Tolstoy on Japan. Most of his religious books had been translated there; in 1902-1903, says Kato, they produced a moral revolution not only among Japanese Christians, but among Buddhists as well; and from this upheaval sprang a renaissance of Buddhism. Up to this moment, the Buddhist faith had been a matter of established order and external law. It now assumed, or reassumed, an inward character. *"Conscience religieuse"* became now the slogan of the hour. Certainly this awakening of the *ego* was not without its dangers. It might lead, it *did* lead in a number of cases, to quite other ends than the spirit of sacrifice and of fraternal love—to selfish pleasure, for example, to indifferentism, to despair, even to suicide. Catastrophes were inevitable among this excitable people who, in their crisis of passion, carry every doctrine to its ultimate conclusion. But it also led to the formation, particularly near Kyoto, of a little group of Tolstoyans, who tilled the fields and acknowledged the pure evangel of love.[6]

In a general way, one can say that the spiritual life of Japan has received the definite imprint of Tolstoy's personality. Even today there exists in Japan a Tolstoy Society, which publishes a monthly review of seventy interesting and instructive pages.[7]

The most attractive example among these Japanese disciples is the young Kenjiro Tokutomi, who was among those who contributed to the Book of Jubilee in 1908. He had written to Tolstoy, early in 1906, an enthusiastic letter from Tokyo; and Tolstoy had immediately answered. But Tokutomi did not have the patience to await reply;

2. Tolstoy, in his letter to Ku-Hung-Ming, criticizes vigorously China's traditional glorification of obedience to the emperor; he sees in it a dogma as ill-founded as the divine right of force.

3. This article had appeared in the *Times* in June, 1904; and Tamura read it in December at Tokyo.

4. Izo-Abe, manager of the Journal, *Heimin-Shimbun* (The Common People). Before the response of Tolstoy reached them, these courageous objectors were imprisoned and their paper suspended.

5. To this judgment upon Socialism, Tolstoy adds, "The true well-being of a man is to be found in his moral and spiritual health; his material well-being is included in this. And this high end can only be attained by the complete moral and spiritual realization of individuals, the sum of whom in the peoples represents humanity." On the other hand, in 1909, Tolstoy answered some economic questions from a Japanese society, "pour la liberation du pays," by commending to their attention the agrarian theories of Henry George.

6. "You are not alone, Master. Rejoice!" wrote Tokutomi to Tolstoy, on October 3, 1906. "You have here many children of the spirit."

7. The review, Tolstoy Kenki (The Study of Tolstoy.)

he embarked upon the first boat, to go and see the great man. He did not know a word of Russian, and very little English. He arrived at Yasnaya in July, was received with paternal kindness, remained there five days, and then departed directly for Japan, cherishing all the rest of his life the wondrous memory of this week, and of the old man's luminous smile. He evokes it in his charming pages of 1908, where his pure and simple heart speaks forth:

> I see his smile through the mist of the 730 days which have passed since I met him, and over the 10,000 kilometers which separate us.
>
> I am living now on a little farm, in a mean house, with my wife and my dog. I plant vegetables, I pull up the weeds which spring up constantly. All my energy and all my days I spend in pulling up, pulling up, pulling up. . . . Perhaps this is owing to my temperament, perhaps to the bad times. But I am full of happiness. . . . Only it is very sad when one can only write on such an occasion . . . .

The little Japanese succeeded, in these simple lines of a humbly happy life, in realizing more fully the ideal of Tolstoy, and thus speaking straight to his heart, than all the learned collaborators of the jubilee volume.[8]

III

In his character as a Russian, Tolstoy had numerous opportunities of knowing Mohammedans, since the Russian Empire had twenty millions of them among its subjects. So they hold a large place in his correspondence. But they hardly appear before 1901. And it is his reply to the Holy Synod on the occasion of his excommunication, in the spring of this year, which wins them to him. This bold and exalted word sweeps across the Mohammedan world like the chariot of Elijah. What the Mohammedans note in it is only the affirmation of monotheism, which seems to them to re-echo the voice of their Prophet; and naively they attempt to annex him to their cause. Baschkirs of Russia, Muftis of India, Mohammedans of Constantinople write him that they have "wept with joy" on reading the lie publicly flung by his hand at all Christianity; and they congratulate him upon being finally delivered "from the dark superstition of the Trinity." They call him their "brother," and undertake forthwith to convert him. With unconscious humor one of them, a Mufti of India, Mohammed Sadig, of Kadian, Gurdaspur, rejoices to inform him that the new Islamic Messiah, (a certain Chazrat Minza Gulam Achmed), has just exposed the Christian myth of the Resurrection through his discovery in Cashmire of the tomb of "Jjuz Azaf" (Jesus), a photograph of which he sends him, together with a picture of the holy reformer.

One can imagine the admirable tranquillity, slightly tinged with irony (or melancholy) with which Tolstoy receives these strange advances. No one who has not seen him in his controversies, can know the sovereign moderation which his imperious nature had attained. Never does he depart from his courtesy and his calm good sense. It is his Mohammedan questioner who loses control of himself, and, at Tolstoy's refusal to believe in the new Mohammedan Messiah, holds up before him the menacing division of those vouchsafed the light of truth into three classes, as defined by the holy man:

> Some receive it through their own reason. Others, through visible signs and wonders. The rest, at the point of the sword. (For example, Pharaoh, whom Moses drowned in the Red Sea, in order to convince him of his God). For the prophet sent of God must conquer the entire world.

Tolstoy does not follow his aggressive correspondents into the arena. His noble principle is that men who love the truth must not stress the differences between religions, nor their deficiencies, but stress always their unity and whatever makes them precious to mankind. "This is what I strive for," he says, "in the case of all religions, and notably in the case of Islam." He contents himself with responding to the raging Mufti that "the duty of the man who possesses a truly religious sentiment, is to give the example of a virtuous life. Therein is all we need." He admires Mohammed, and certain of his words have entranced him.[9] But Mohammed, like Christ, is only a man. That Mohammedanism, and also Christianity, may become genuine religions, they must renounce their blind belief in one man and one book; they must accept only what is in accord with the conscience and reason of all men. Even in the precise form in which he clothes his thought, Tolstoy is always eager not to injure the faith of the one to whom he is speaking:

"Pardon," he says, "if I have had to wound you. One cannot speak the truth by halves. One must speak it all, or not at all."

It is useless to add that he did not convince his correspondents.

But he finds other Mohammedans, enlightened and liberal, who fully sympathize with him. In the front rank the celebrated grand Mufti of Egypt, the sheik reformer, Mohammed Abdou, who addresses him from Cairo, in 1904 (April 8), a noble letter congratulating him upon the excommunication of which he was the object; for trial, he says, is the divine recompense of the elect. He says that *"la lumière de Tolstoy"* rekindles and remobilizes the seekers of truth, that their hearts live in expectancy of everything that he writes. Tolstoy responds with warm cordiality. He receives also the homage of the Persian ambassador at Constantinople, Prince Mirza Riza Chan, a delegate at the first Hague Conference of Peace in 1901.

But Tolstoy is especially attracted by the Bahaist movement, about which he constantly questions his correspondents. He enters into personal relations with certain Bahaists, as, for example, the mysterious Gabriel Sacy, who writes him from Egypt (in 1901), and who seems to have been an Arab by birth who was converted to Christianity, and then passed over to Bahaism. Sacy explains to him his "Credo." Tolstoy replies that "Bahaism has interested him for a long time, and

8. Tokutomi recalls that Tolstoy asked him, in 1906:
"Do you know how old I am?"
"Sixty, seventy," I replied.
"No, twenty-eight."
I reflected, and then said, "Ah, yes. You are counting your birth from the day when you were reborn a new man."

9. Tolstoy was enthusiastic over the prayer of Mohammed for poverty—"Lord, keep my life in poverty, and grant that in poverty also I may die."

that he has read everything that was accessible on the subject"; he attaches no importance to its mystical basis or to its theories; but he believes in its great future in the Orient as a moral influence: "sooner or later," he says, "Bahaism will blend with Christian anarchy." In the same way he writes to a Russian who has sent him a book on Bahaism—that he is "certain of the victory of all the rationalistic religious teachings which arise out of diverse faiths—Brahmanism, Buddhism, Judaism, and Christianity." He sees them all "flowing toward the confluence of one universal religion of humanity."[10] He is happy to learn that Bahaism has penetrated Russia, among the Tartars of Kazan, and he invites to his home their chief, Waissow, whose interview with him has been noted by Gussev (February, 1909).[11]

In the 1908 Book of Jubilee, Islam is represented by a jurist of Calcutta, Abdullah-al-Mamun-Suhrawardy, who builds a majestic monument to Tolstoy. He calls it "Yoga," and subscribes to its principles of Non-Violence which he asserts are not opposed to those of Mohammed; but "it is necessary to read the Koran, as Tolstoy has read the Bible, under the light of truth, and not amid the clouds of superstition." He praises Tolstoy for not being a superman, an *Uebermensch,* but the brother of all—not the light of the West nor of the East, but the light of God, a light for all. And in a prophetic gleam, he proclaims that Tolstoy's plea for Non-Violence, "mingled with the teachings of the sages of India, will produce, perhaps in our time, a new Messiah."

IV

It was from India, indeed, that was to proceed the Word, of which Tolstoy was the forerunner.

At the close of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century, India was all awake. Europe was not aware of it (aside from a select group of enlightened scholars who had no interest in sharing their knowledge with common mortals, but on the contrary hid themselves away in their shells where they could feel themselves unobserved and secure)[12]—Europe is still far from realizing the prodigious resurgence of Indian genius which first began in 1830,[13] and reached its flood about 1900. It was a sudden and brilliant flowering in all the fields of the spirit—in art, in science, in thought. The great name of Rabindranath Tagore, detached from the constellation of his glorious family, has shone upon all the world. About this same time, Vedantism was renovated by the founder of the Arya Samaj (1875), Dayananda Saraswati, who has been called the "Hindu Luther"; and Keshub Chunder Sen made of the Brahmo Samaj an instrument of impassioned social reform and a meeting-ground for Christian and Eastern thought. But above all was the religious firmament of India illumined by two stars of the first magnitude, suddenly risen—or re-risen after centuries, to speak in a profound sense according to the great thought of India[14]—those two miracles of the spirit: Ramakrishna (1836-1886), the madman of God, who embraced in his love all forms of the divine, and his disciple, loftier still than his master, Vivekananda (1863-1902), whose torrential energy at last awakened in his inert people the God of action, the God of the *Gita.*

The vast curiosity of Tolstoy could not leave these men undiscovered. He read the essays of Dayananda, which were sent to him by Rama Deva, director of the *Vedic Magazine* (*Kangra, Sakaranpur*) . In 1896 he was enthusiastic over the first writings which appeared from the pen of Vivekananda; and he relished the "Conversations of Ramakrishna." It is a misfortune for humanity that Vivekananda, on his trip to Europe in 1900, was not directed to Yasnaya Polyana. And he who writes these lines is unable to console himself that in this year of the "Exposition Universelle" when the great Swami came to Paris, he was not the one who might have linked together the two seers, the two supreme religious geniuses of Europe and of Asia.

Like the Swami of India, Tolstoy had fed upon the spirit of Krishna, "Lord of Love."[15] More than one voice of India hailed him as a Mahatma, an ancient Rishi reincarnated. Gopal Chetti, director of the *New Reformer,* who consecrated himself in India to the ideas of Tolstoy, compares him, in his contribution to the 1908 Book of Jubilee, to Buddha, the prince who renounced; and he says that if Tolstoy had been born among the Indians, he would have been regarded as an Avatara, a Purusha (incarnation of the Universal Soul), a Sri Krishna.

But the inevitable flow of the stream of history was destined to sweep Tolstoy away from the Yogis' God of dreams, to the threshold of *"la grand action"* of Vivekananda and of Gandhi—the Hind Swaraj!

How curious the twists and turns of fate! The very first man to lead him thither was none other than the man who became, later on, the first lieutenant of the Indian Mahatma, but at this time was still, like Paul on the road to Damascus, the violent enemy of these thoughts: C. R. Das.[16]

May we imagine that the voice of Tolstoy had something to do with bringing him over to his true mission? At the end of the year, 1908, C. R. Das was in the camp of Revolution. He wrote to Tolstoy, making no concealment of his faith in force and violence; he fought openly against the Tolstoyan doctrine of Non-Resistance; yet he asked

10. To Isabelle Arkadjewna Grinewskaja. In another letter, to Elkibayew, Tolstoy says that there is only one religion. It is not yet wholly revealed to mankind, but it appears "par fragments" in all religions. "All progress for humanity depends upon the ever more intimate union of men in this one true religion."

11. In a letter to Krymbajew, in 1908, Tolstoy, defining true religion as the Love of God and one's neighbor, wholly divorced from parasitical beliefs, eulogizes Bahaism and the group at Kazan.

12. There were some exceptions, first among whom I would name Max Muller, great spirit and great heart, who reverenced Vivekananda.

13. In 1828, one of the greatest spirits of our time, Raja Ram-Mohan Roy, founded the Brahmo-Samaj which gathered all the religions of the world into a single religious system based upon the belief in one God. Such a thought, necessarily limited at first to a chosen few, has since had profound echoes in the souls of the great mystics of Bengal; and through them is filtering down little by little to the masses.

14. Vivekananda said of himself, "I am Sankhara" (the great Vedantist of the 8th century.)

15. Title of a work by Baba Premananda Bharati, of which Tolstoy translated some fragments (1904).

16. C. R. Das, recently dead, became the intimate friend of Ghandi, and the political leader of the Swarajist party, which wished to reconcile the methods of Non-Violence with participaition in the Legislative Councils.

him for a word of sympathy for his paper, *Free Hindostan.* Tolstoy sent him a very long letter, almost a treatise, which, under the title of *"Lettre à un Indien,"* December 14, 1908, echoed throughout the entire world. He energetically proclaimed the doctrine of Non-Resistance and of Love, imbedding each section of his argument in citations from Krishna. He was as vigorous in his opposition to the new superstition of science as to the old superstitions of religion. And he vehemently reproached the Indians for divorcing their ancient wisdom, in order to espouse the error of the West.

One could hope, (he said) that this new scientific prejudice would find no place in the immense world of Brahma, Buddha, and Confucius; and that the Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus, having uncovered the religious lie which justifies violence, would come directly to understand and accept the law of love, proper to humanity, which was promulgated with such flaming power by the great masters of the East. But the superstition of science, which has replaced that of religion, more and more enthralls the peoples of the East. It has already conquered Japan, and is preparing for her the most terrible disasters. It is now seizing upon those in China and in India who assume, like yourself, to be leaders of your people. You invoke in your journal, as a fundamental principle which ought to guide the activity of India, the following idea:

"Resistance to aggression is not simply justifiable, but imperative; non-resistance hurts both altruism and egoism."

What! *You,* a member of one of the most religious of all peoples, you are going to abjure with a light heart, trusting in your scientific knowledge, the law of love which has been proclaimed in the bosom of your people with such exceptional clarity from the most ancient times! And you are willing to repeat these stupidities which have been passed on to you by the champions of violence, the enemies of truth, the slaves first of theology and then of science, your European masters!

You say that the English have enslaved India, because India has not met violence with force? Just the contrary is true! If the English have enslaved the Hindus, it is only because the Hindus have recognized and still recognize violence as the fundamental principle of their social organization; in the name of this principle they submitted to their petty kings; in the name of this principle they battled against them, and against the Europeans, and against the English. A commercial company—thirty thousand men, and rather feeble men, too—has enslaved a people of two hundred millions! Tell that to a man free of prejudice! He would not understand what these words mean. Is it not evident, on the basis of these very figures, that it is not the English but the Hindus themselves who have enslaved the Hindus?

If the Hindus are enslaved by violence, it is because they themselves have lived in violence, live now in violence, and will not recognize that eternal law of love which is the peculiar possession of humanity.

"Ignorant, pitiable, is the man who seeks what he already possesses, and is unaware that he possesses it! Yes, ignorant and miserable the man who does not know the blessedness of the love which surrounds him, and which I have given him!" (Krishna.)

Man has only to live in accordance with the law of love, which is native to his heart, and holds within itself the principle of Non-Resistance, of Non-Participation in all violence. Then, not only will a hundred men be unable to enslave millions, but millions will be unable to enslave one. Resist not evil, take no part in evil, have nothing to do with the coercions of government, with courts, taxes, especially the army! And nothing, nobody, in the world can enslave you!

A quotation from Krishna ends (as it had begun) this proclamation of Non-Resistance offered by Russia to India:

Children, raise up your blinded eyes, and you will see a new world, full of joy and love, a world of Reason created by Wisdom, the only real world. Then you will know what love has done for you, and what it exacts of you.

This letter of Tolstoy fell into the hands of a young Indian, who was a lawyer in Johannesburg, in South Africa. His name was Gandhi. He was captured by it. He wrote to Tolstoy toward the end of 1909.[17] He told him of the sacrificial campaign that he had been conducting for a half a score of years in the spirit of Tolstoy's gospel.[18] He asked for his permission to translate the Das letter into the Indian language.

Tolstoy sent Gandhi his fraternal benediction in "the battle of gentleness against brute-force, of humility and love against pride and violence." He read the English edition of "Hind Swaraj," which Gandhi had sent him, and he grasped instantly the whole importance of this social and religious experiment.

"The question which you treat," he wrote, "that of passive resistance, is of the greatest value not only for India but for all humanity."

He procured the biography of Gandhi by Joseph J. Doke,[19] and was captivated by it. In spite of illness, he sent him some affectionate lines (May 8, 1910). Then, when he felt better, he addressed him from Kotschety, on September 7, 1910, just one month before his flight to solitude and death, a letter of such importance that, in spite of its length, I must reproduce it almost entire.[20] It is, and will ever remain, the Gospel of Non-Resistance, and the spiritual testament of Tolstoy. The Indians of South Africa published it in 1914 in the *Golden Number of Indian Opinion,* consecrated to "Passive Resistance in South Africa." It was thus involved in the success of their cause, the first political victory of Non-Resistance.

In paralyzing contrast, Europe at the same hour responded to this victory by the war of 1914, in which it has devoured itself.

But now that the tempest has passed, and the savage clamor is gradually dying away, one hears anew, mounting like a lark over the fields of ruin, the firm, clear voice of Gandhi. It repeats to a brighter, more harmonious world, the great message of Tolstoy, the song of hope for a new humanity.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

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17. From London. The letter is lost. We know it only through Tolstoy's reply.

18. In his autobiography, now in course of publication, Gandhi tells how, in 1893-94, he read for the first time a work of Tolstoy, "The Kingdom of God Is Within You."

"I was overwhelmed," he says. "Before the independence of thought, the profound morality, the sincerity of this book, all others appeared to me pale and insignificant."

One or two years later, he read "What to Do Then?" and "The Gospels," and made a passionate study of Tolstoy.

"I commenced to realize more and more," he says, "the infinite possibilities of human love."

In 1904, he established at Phoenix, near Durban, an agricultural colony upon the plans of Tolstoy. He gathered the Indians together in this place, under the two-fold law of Non-Resistance and voluntary poverty. One will find in my "Life of Mahatma Gandhi," the story of this crusade which lasted for twenty years. The year he wrote Tolstoy, Gandhi had just finished his famous book, "Hind Swaraj" (Indian Home Rule), that "Gospel of heroic love" which the government of India prohibited in the original text. Gandhi sent a copy of the English edition to Tolstoy on April 4, 1910.

19. Joseph J. Doke: "M. K. Gandhi, an Indian Patriot in South Africa" (1909).

20. Printed in another part of this issue of UNITY (Editor).

Tolstoy and Human Destiny*

"'Tis not the moral perfection that one strives to attain
that is vital, only the process of perfecting."

"There lived a man in the land of Uz. He was perfect and upright and one who feared God and eschewed evil. Of his substance were seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred asses and a great household. This man was of greater splendour than all others in the East."

Thus begins the story of Job—blessed with contentment up to the very hour that God raised his hand and smote him, to vex his soul and dispute with him.

Thus, also, begins the spiritual history of Leo Nikolajewitsch Tolstoy, who similarly was of greater splendor than all others of his land and time. He, too, sat in the "first places" among the mighty of the earth, dwelling in wealth and leisure in his old ancestral home. His body exuded strength and energy; the maid whom he lovingly desired he brought home as his spouse, who bore him thirteen children.

The work of his hand and soul has become imperishable and lights up the age. Reverently do the peasants of Yasnaya Polyana bow before the mighty Bojar; reverently does the planet in its orbit bow before the blinding glory of his renown. Like Job, before his test, Leo Tolstoy had everything to be desired—as he boastingly inscribed in a letter, "I am unreservedly and completely happy."

Suddenly, over night, all this had no sense, no value any more! Tolstoy's work became irksome and laborious; his wife strange, his children indifferent, to him. At night he rises from his disordered bed, like a restless patient, and paces back and forth. By day, at his work-table he sits as if in a stupor, limp of hand and staring eye. Once, he hastily ascends the stairway and locks his hunting-guns, lest he may turn the weapons upon himself. At times, he groans as if his chest would burst; at times, he sobs like a child in a darkened room. His letters remain unopened and he receives no friends. His sons regard him with furtive glances; his wife is distracted over this man so suddenly plunged into melancholia.

What is the cause of this transformation? A secret disease eating and corroding into his life; has leprosy afflicted his body, or disaster from without thrust itself upon him? What has happened to him—Leo Nikolajewitsch Tolstoy—that the mightiest has become so poor in happiness and the most powerful in the land of Russia pitched into tragic darkness?

The fearful answer—Nothing! Nothing has happened to him. More properly but more awful—*Nothingness.* Tolstoy had discovered the great nothingness behind all things. Something rended his soul in two, and into this narrow black fissue, into this void, he compelled his vision. This Nothingness without name, this nihility, this strange, intangible unreality behind all our warm and sanguine life, this eternal void behind our fleeting existence!

He who has once viewed this ineffable abyss can never avert his gaze again. Gloom inundates his senses and extinguishes the lustre and color of life. Laughter congeals on his lips and a chill courses from his finger-tips to his horror-stricken heart. Nothing can he perceive dissociated from that nihility—that void. Withered and worthless the things of the senses become; fame is fragmented and wind-tossed; art becomes fool's play; women change into yellow slag and the warm breathing body into a maggot host. The world becomes a frigid waste to him who comes upon this black devouring void, this "maelstrom" of Edgar Allen Poe, this all-engulfing abyss of Pascal, whose depth is greater than all the heights of the spirit.

In vain, to veil and conceal! It does not help in the least to call upon God and speak sanctimoniously. It does not help in the least to cover this black cavity with pages of the gospel. Such elemental darkness pierces all parchment and extinguishes all church candles; such arctic frosts cannot be warmed with the tepid breath of words. It does not help in the least, to banish this deathly stillness with vociferous preachments—like children in the woods who sing to veil their fears. No will or wisdom ever brightens the darkened heart.

It was in the fifty-fourth year of his active life that Tolstoy, for the first time, countenanced this great emptiness as the destiny of all human existence. And from that hour to the hour of his death, he gazed, grimly and firmly, into this black cavity, into the intangible inner-self of his being. But having once come to grips with this Nothingness, the comprehensive vision of Leo Tolstoy remained penetratingly clear—the wisest and most sublime of any of our time. Never had man accepted or pursued the struggle with greater vigor and passion, and none more resolved in presenting the problem of the destiny of man to the human race itself. None has more fearfully suffered and none so nobly endured—for a valiant conscience came forward to meet the clear, resolute and vigilant eye of the artist. Never, not for a moment, did Tolstoy become faint-hearted or close an eye in the face of the tragedy of existence. Nothing more magnificent than this heroic attempt to image the intangible and lend reality to the inevitable!

Thirty years, from the twentieth to his fiftieth, Tolstoy lived in the realm of the significance and cognition of life: to chain the intangible with the unattainable.

No god tested him. He tested himself, and thus won for himself not merely life, but destiny. Ease was his. His task was self-imposed: through truth to save not alone himself but the race.

That he ventured this bespeaks his heroism—yea, his sainthood.

STEFAN ZWEIG.

*A Prologue for an Essay on Tolstoy. Translated into English by Dr. Carl Beck.

Tolstoy, Prophet of Righteousness

Some books are to us not so much books as they are vital experiences. This depends not only upon the book itself, but also upon the sum of influences and of social trends under which it is read. A young person reading today Tolstoy's "What to Do Then" might find it difficult to conceive the profound impression which it made upon sensitive people when it first appeared. At this period in the late eighties there was a widespread moral malaise in regard to existing social conditions, ranging from a mere unformulated sense of uneasiness to an acute consciousness of unredressed wrongs. The abuses connected with the beginnings of machine production had by the end of the nineteenth century been somewhat lessened in England and the United States, but the evil slum conditions in our rapidly growing cities, with all the inevitable results on health and morals, were pressing on men's minds. Social and moral questioning, stimulated by some of the greatest leaders of English thought, had driven deep furrows in the smooth surface of nineteenth century satisfaction with the belief that progress was inevitable.

An astonishing number of writers either formulated this uneasiness or described the conditions from which it rose. Although a few of these writers have taken a permanent place in English literature, as had their forerunners, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold, many of them who have since proved ephemeral gave at the moment a poignant challenge to the English reading public. "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," "Darkest England and the Way Out," Charles Booth's monumental study, "Life and Labor of the People," Beatrice Webb's first-hand story of her voluntary experiences in sweat-shop and factory and the brilliant Fabian Essays, containing the early work of Shaw, Sidney Webb, and Olivier, found an echo in the United States, where a lesser literature of the same sort was beginning to appear, although it did not reach its zenith until a decade later.

Into a surcharged atmosphere such as this came the trenchant challenge of Tolstoy's book written with that overwhelming sincerity and simplicity which distinguishes the works of genius. It illustrated once more that "A new simplicity is the most baffling of all human achievements and the most perdurable." It is also fair to state in defense of the multitude of other writers that none of them was faced with a situation so direct and simple in itself as that presented in Russia. The vague questionings and indictments of long established customs were much more difficult to reduce to underlying principles in the midst of our own complicated social order than they were in the simple conditions prevailing Russia. For instance, in "What to Do Then" Tolstoy had poignantly drawn the contrast between the toiling underfed peasants in the fields and the life led by himself and his friends at the nearby manor house, whither the idlers had come from Moscow to enjoy the pleasures of country life in summer. They were carelessly absorbing the services of peasants whose help was urgently needed to secure the crops of hay and grain during the brief and overburdened days of harvest, and in certain instances, as when the rain threatened to fall upon the drying hay, their luxurious living imperiled the crop itself. The statement of Tolstoy's scruples under these conditions were curiously like those formulated by Abraham Lincoln, years before when driven by the existence of slavery to a long meditation on the basic relations between man and man, had carefully written down:

> As labor is the common burden of our race, so the effort of some to shift their shares of burden onto the shoulders of others is the great durable curse of the race.

At the time of the publication of "What to Do Then," Russia was much in men's minds as an outstanding example of both political and social oppression. George Kennan's revelations of the horrors of Siberian exile had bitten deep into the public mind. The abolition of serfdom not yet a generation back had ended a great wrong, but the terms of the emancipation had left the peasants burdened with an impossible load of taxation to which only land-hungry men could have even passively submitted. The widespread misery in Russia was brought home to everyone who could read a newspaper by the long series of famines to which Russia had always been subject, and we were destined to be torn once again by Tolstoy's own description of the famine of 1891, of which he writes in "What I Believe." Yet after making every allowance for primitive conditions in Russia, Tolstoy's presentation of the contrast between the overworked and the underfed poor on the one hand, and the idle and wasteful rich on the other, was felt as raising unanswerable questions in every country where the book was read. We told ourselves in vain that the situation was over-simplified and that he had made it more logical than life warrants.

Some of us who were making sincere efforts to deal with the results of city poverty were startled by Tolstoy's passionate revulsion against the attempt at a solution through benevolence, although even then we realized that there was nothing in Russia corresponding in reasonableness, thoroughness and extent to the painstaking and very genuine efforts made in Great Britain and the United States to bring intelligent and permanent help to individual cases, efforts which we believed would lead inevitably to legislative and economic reforms. But, even that first rush of enthusiasm incident to the welding of a new implement for social service showed traces of the lashing of Tolstoy's book. I find an early definition of social settlements formulated with the preposterous pensiveness of youth: "A social settlement may be described as an anodyne of work for the misery engendered by contemplating life as it is!"

There was also in the minds of many of us at that moment a touch of impatience over the overwhelming concern of Tolstoy for personal righteousness. There was something almost talmudic in his passionate desire to fulfill the law literally, and to be clean, in the very decades when the leaders of Christian thought were emphasizing the

social message of Christianity. But was not Tolstoy himself part of this very movement when he reiterated his conviction that the only method to better external conditions and to lessen the bitter and degrading sufferings of poverty was for each man to turn straight around in his path and to share quite simply and directly in the tasks of common labor? We know now only too well how inadequate such a method must be and yet we also know that in one sense there is no other way to make clear the possession of fresh moral insight and to formulate it for others who are unable to formulate it for themselves. It not only stirs others into action but gives reality to the message itself.

For many reasons, therefore, the indictment brought in "What to Do Then" was almost unbearable to thousands of young people who read it in the late eighties and early nineties. This was true, although we even then allowed for the inadequacy of Tolstoy's economic analysis and saw that rural conditions in Russia had become as obsolete in western society as had the cradle which the peasants were using to harvest their wheat. We also saw how unreasonable and even captious he was in his criticism of science, art and literature—everything that he summed up in the word "civilization" which he so especially detested because he regarded its trivial activities as a time-filling substitute for genuine labor.

Realizing also as we grow older that life can never be logical and consistent, it still remains the fact that Tolstoy makes complacency as impossible now as when "What to Do Then" first appeared. In England, as in Russia, a few conscience-stricken readers renounced their property, some of them going to live in Tolstoyan colonies, although Tolstoy himself disapproved such attempts. There was at least one such experiment in the United States. But for a single such decision to break with the existing order there were hundreds who without defying well-established custom—"that principle magistrate of man's life"—lived through miserable days and sleepless nights tormented by the simple question of "What to Do?" Most of these, whether they finally worked through the problem to their own satisfaction or whether they gave it up and lived on as best they could without a sense of having solved it, found their lives in greater or less degree permanently modified. Respect for hard, simple labor was reinforced if not glorified by Tolstoy's feeling in regard to it, and at the least desire remained to simplify one's personal living and to lesson one's selfish absorption of other people's labor.

How many of his readers found the sense of joyful release in labor that Tolstoy himself describes at the close of the book one cannot know, but this joy is one of the elements which remain distinctly in one's mind. The passage describing the release which Tolstoy finds in the wheat field is one of the finest passages ever written even by that great master of literature. Tormented as he had been for years by the intolerable irritant of inner unrest, he tells how he found himself, happier, kinder and more serene, and how the problems that had beset him resolved themselves after he made his great decision and began his laboring days. This was, of course, in some degree a passing phase. The contradictory demands of his new way of life and those of his family, which his reason as well as his affection admitted as legitimate—and perhaps also his own complexities of temperament and experience—made it impossible for him to work out a permanent, completely self-consistent and satisfactory scheme of life. He never appeared as a triumphant man, and the problems described in this book were never successfully solved, but beset him to the very end. The fact that this was so is due to the greatness of the man at least as much as to his weaknesses. He would not pretend and, above all, he would not deceive himself, nor his readers.

It may be no clearer to us than it was to him that a righteous life cannot be lived in a society that is not righteous. It was clearer to him than it has been to any others, save to a small handful of shining souls, that the true man can attempt nothing less and that society can be made righteous in no other way.

A message such as this comes from time to time and strikes harshly upon a permanent sore spot in the careless hearts of men.

JANE ADDAMS.

Tolstoy and Peace

When, in the second part of "Sevastopol," Tolstoy, then a young officer engaged in the defence of that town, indicated his disapproval of war, his fellow-officers, one feels sure, could hardly have believed that within three-quarters of a century a League of Nations supported by nearly all European and many other governments would exist for the purpose of preventing war, and an American minister would have sent out a proposal for the outlawry of war, with confident expectation of receiving the assent of the powers to whom it was addressed.

Tolstoy's writings have done more than those of any other modern writer to turn men's minds from accepting war as legitimate method of settling international disputes. In this connection it is curious to note that his greatest novel, "War and Peace"—written after "Sevastopol"—was composed with no didactic purpose, yet its truthful and penetrating descriptions of war and of the motives and minds of men engaged in it act as a powerful dissolvent of the romantic relations to war that were customary before he wrote and helped to make war popular. The descriptions in his novels are hardly less effective than the indictments contained in the didactic writings of his later years.

His "Essays and Letters," in the Oxford Press "World's Classics" series, contain a series of such articles, and in his "Twenty-three Tales," in the same series, there is a noteworthy folk-tale—"The Empty Drum" that makes in the same direction.

The Centenary Edition of Tolstoy's works,

which the New York branch of the Oxford University Press is now producing, should find its way onto the shelves of all public libraries, that his views on this subject, may be conveniently at the disposal of readers in a well-arranged edition and in versions made by translators Tolstoy himself selected and asked to undertake the task, and of whom Mr. Bernard Shaw has written that if he cannot say that their versions are the best in our language "this is only because I cannot read the others and therefore have no right to express an opinion about them."

It is not only peace-lovers, however, and those fond of his novels, plays, short stories, and autobiographical works, that should be interested in this edition of his work, but all who wish to know how a great thinker regarded the main problems that face humanity: religion, social problems, education, literature, art, diet, drink, work, and so forth. Great injustice has been done to Tolstoy by inadequate and incorrect translations, and the Tolstoy Society—whose secretary, Miss Elliott, Ladywell House, Great Baddow, Chelmsford, England, is always glad to reply to inquiries about him and his work—has seized the occasion of his centenary to secure the production of a more reliable edition of his works than has been obtainable heretofore.

AYLMER MAUDE.

Tolstoy as a Theologian

From the standpoint of Art, how much richer the world would have been had not men of genius, in all ages, become obsessed with conscientious vagaries and turned from the creation of great paintings, music or literature to formulating and preaching new and generally impracticable theories, philosophical, religious or social. Beginning with Plato, one of whose poems, either in prose or in verse, outweighs the Republic, the list is long. What would not Pascal have left to the world if his genius had kept itself to working in Science? Or Milton, if he had not been a Puritan pamphleteer?

The most conspicuous example in modern times is Count L. N. Tolstoy. He, like Plato, imagined that he might found a new order of society, in which the problems that baffle us would be definitely solved. He renounced the Art-works that had brought him fame and fortune, and devoted his energies not only to formulating his subversive theories but also, as far as he could, to living in accordance with them. The pathetic as well as the humorous aspect of his difficulties in accommodating self-imposed penury to his wife's insistence in living in the height of style, peasant's garb to full dress, amateur shoe-making to fashionable footwear, is depicted in his unfinished drama, "The Light Shines in the Darkness." Fortunately he had the saving grace of humor; but a greater application of it would, in his later years, have saved him much tribulation.

He had followers, who gave up the possession of land and personal property; like him refused to recognize State control, Courts of Justice, all manifestations of "violence," such as police and armies, and satisfied their restricted wants by the fruits of manual labor. But just as the Primitive Christians, the devotees of Fourier, of Robert Owen, of Carl Marx and of many other experimenters, were foredoomed to disillusion, disappointment and failure, so, assuredly, will the Tolstoy "colonies" come to grief. Indeed many of them already have. They misunderstand human nature. Men gifted with varied talents can never be satisfied to live like bees or ants. Communism and socialism tend to bring all men to a lower level, because they inhibit individuality.

It seems a strange anomaly that Count Tolstoy, who was a born skeptic, should have based his theories on a literal interpretation and acceptance of Christ's teachings and have found in the New Testament the system that he adopted and adapted, regarding it as philosophic and binding on men trained in modern science. One aspect only of the universe is sufficient to render nugatory such a scheme of things. For thousands of years the earth was regarded as its center with man as the most important creation of a personal if not a tribal god. But astronomy has revealed hosts of other universes, millions of light-years distant from this tiny speck swimming through space on the outer rim of that millstone-shaped congeries of fiery orbs which we call the Milky Way; so that the concept of the Biblical god, with only one begotten son, seems inadequate; and an impartial study of the Scriptures shows that the commonly accepted story of Jesus is for the most part a man-made fable. One might as well urge that the earth is flat, as the Church so long believed and taught.

How then could a brilliant mind such as Count Tolstoy's have been so blindly uncritical, so oblivious of facts, so credulous? How could one so skilled in interpreting human nature, so intuitively correct in his psychology, as is shown in his analysis of motives, have been so unpractical?

There is one paramount characteristic which colored County Tolstoy's whole career: his intense desire to achieve happiness. He failed to find it in his ambitions; it escaped him in his endeavor to fulfill the requirements of the Church; it did not come from his possession of lands and money; it proved to be apples of Sodom when he gave way to his strong animal passions; it mocked him even in his successful establishment of a patriarchal family, with adoring wife and children. It was a will-o'-the wisp. It may be doubted if he would have found it even if he had been able to reorganize his life in accordance with his scheme. Happiness consists not in being happy but in making others happy, in entire forgetfulness of self. Evidently he could never forget himself, even when he was unselfish!

Possibly the central doctrines of Buddhism might have better suited the exigencies of his nature than ascetic Christianity as he interpreted it. What he needed was a philosophy of life formulated from a synthesis of all religions, from his experiences of good and evil, from his knowledge of man-

kind and of himself. He might then have continued as a writer of pure art works, teaching, as all the great Russian writers have taught—not by preaching impractical doctrines, not by didactic interpolations, but by showing the results of sin and the conquest of sin in characters absolutely true to life. That was the method of Gogol, of Turgénief and Dostoyevsky and of Tolstoy himself when at his best as in "Anna Karénina" and in "Resurrection." We could easily have sacrificed all his voluminous and dull exegesis for one short story like "Where Love Is."

His life is a strikingly dramatic example of spiritual and animal forces at odds. In him were opposed the principles of good and of evil, as is the case of all of us, of course, but more vividly engaged. His soul was the battlefield of Ormuzd and Ahriman. He yielded to his passions and repented bitterly; he strove valiantly and frequently failed; then frankly confessed his shortcomings. He set his ideals high, and his amazing diaries inform us what they were and how far he came from attaining them. Just as men flying across a pond or along a river see objects lying on the bottom and entirely invisible to those standing on the shore, so we, lifted higher by time, are better able to understand Tolstoy's nature and character than are those that lived close to him. We can get a clear idea of the shallows and the depths, of the treasures and sunken wrecks lying hidden under the surface of his life. It may be safely said that no man since St. Augustine has been more faithfully and completely revealed to us than "the great writer of the Russian land."

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Tolstoy and Literature

This year of 1928 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Leo Tolstoy. It will be celebrated in many parts of the globe. A new, complete English translation of his works will be issued, with introductions by John Galsworthy and other leading writers. For although Tolstoy was wholly Russian in ancestry, birth, and early environment, he belongs to the world as emphatically as Shakespeare. Indeed one of the curiosities of literature is the fact that a writer so through and through Russian should have shaken the hearts and minds of millions of foreigners.

Since the death of Goethe there has been nothing like the lonely eminence of Tolstoy. It would be impossible at this moment to get either critics or the general public to agree on an answer to the question "Who is the greatest living writer?" But from 1890 to 1910, the last twenty years of his life, a universal ballot would have given Tolstoy a commanding majority over all competitors.

Russian prose fiction, which rose out of nothing in the first part of the nineteenth century and reached world-supremacy in fifty years, is characterized by an unaffected truthfulness that is as startling as naturalness on the stage. The fact that the Renaissance, which altered the intellectual and artistic history of southern and western Europe, did not penetrate into Russia, may be partly responsible for the absence of literary traditions in that country. When the great Russians began to write novels, they had no oppressive conventions to throw off. They simply reported life.

Russian literature, and American literature, so far as they have affected the world, began at the same time—the early years of the XIXth century; but American literature began like a child learning to talk, imitating its British parents; Russian literature began like a giant waking up after a sleep of eight centuries. A little child, no matter how clever, cannot have the same attitude toward art as that displayed by a mature man who devotes his attention to it for the first time.

Tolstoy saw active service in the Crimean War; and it is well to remember that his own escape from death was of more importance and value to the world than the victory or defeat of either side. He attained instant fame by his war-story, "Sevastopol," published in 1855. This is a work of genius and one of the most germinal in modern literature. Tolstoy described war without sentimentality and without nationalistic bias; to observe how startling a change this was, one need only remember the conventional sentimental slush and childish propaganda that characterized the war stories of his predecessors. Zola's "The Downfall," Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," and all our modern school of detached war-novelists follow Tolstoy. His great Russian contemporary, Turgenev, read this book, and said, "When this new wine is ripened, there will be a drink fit for the gods. This man will go far and will leave behind him a profound influence."

During the years 1865-69 Tolstoy published in serial form his longest novel, "War and Peace," which in the English translation covers over 1500 pages. It is somewhat fashionable to regard this as its author's masterpiece; but my own favorite is the novel that appeared in the seventies, "Anna Karenina," which on the whole seems to me the most powerful work of fiction I have ever read. It was "Anna" that gave him his reputation among foreigners; it was "Anna" that drew the attention of Matthew Arnold, whose essay on Tolstoy, written in the eighties, is still one of the most penetrating and valuable criticisms.

None of Tolstoy's novels is a flawless work of art; they are simply life. One does not read them, one lives them. The difference between the style of Tolstoy and the style of a writer like Meredith or James is the difference between plate and stained glass. Meredith and James made a style so ornate, so complex, so ingenious, that one looks at it instead of through it; one admires the style so much that one cannot see either the plot or the characters; the style is gorgeous, but opaque. Tolstoy has no style at all. You behold the persons and the progress of the story without being aware of any medium. Just as, if a plate glass window is properly washed, and you are looking through it at the street, you do not know whether the window

is open or closed, that is to say, you do not know whether the glass is there or not—so in reading a novel like "Anna Karénina" you do not think of the style, you read ahead as if your life depended on it.

Tolstoy's prodigious influence on the world is not owing merely to his greatness as a novelist, though it is his literary genius that first attracted attention, and that made later Russian novelists his disciples—Chekhov, Gorki and others did not believe his teaching, but they regarded him as in art their supreme master. Tolstoy's influence on the world is a religious and moral influence. The conversations of Levin and the peasant toward the close of "Anna Karénina" are the essence of true religion. In later years Tolstoy published many parables which illustrate the teaching in the Gospels. I should like to urge you who may see this column to read Tolstoy's short story, "Where Love Is There God Is Also." It will affect your life profoundly and may change it altogether.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

A Modern Prophet

Tolstoy challenges our admiration and commands our attention; first, because he was a Slav, a representative of that obscure and despised race, hid away in what has seemed a dark and far off corner of Europe. So ignoble did this race seem to the more aggressive and triumphant races of Western Europe that they have embodied their estimate of it in the word "slave." Then, Tolstoy challenges our interest because he was a Russian. He represented that great mystery among European powers, that vast empire that contains incalculable potency for good or evil; the land that manumitted its millions of serfs without the shedding of a drop of blood and in the same generation wrote its awful history of Siberian cruelty and despotism; the land that has exiled its thinkers, mobbed and banished Jews; the land of mighty armies and humiliating defeats; the land of unmeasured illiteracy, but still the land of Gogol, Pushkin, Turgenieff, Verestchagin, Tolstoy. In Russia today the Slav is on conspicuous trial. Russia, the tardy applicant for a place in the ranks of civilization, Russia the surviving ground of medieval cruelty, Russia that still has use for the horrible instruments of torture which the other powers of Europe have left behind two centuries, and still the Russia which before the end of the century may be found at the head of the line.

But quite aside from all this, Tolstoy commands our study by virtue of his own striking and beautiful personality. We may consider him an unsound leader, may decide him impractical and dismiss his conclusions as wild and extravagant, but we cannot hold back our love and admiration for one who, born a prince, doomed by outward circumstances to the life of the soldier, the diplomat, the aristocrat, yet chose to mingle with peasants and to live in the simplicity of a farmer and artisan.

This titled nobleman, of splendid, almost royal lineage, gifted with great genius, endowed with a vast estate, early in life, through the sensitiveness of his conscience, the independence of his thinking, came to distrust the pretensions of society. He turned away from it all, laid away his title, would fain have given away his wealth, and resigned the opportunities of army promotion.

But in all this resignation Tolstoy never distrusted the potency of his genius. He simply preferred to divert it from the avenues appreciated by the wealthy and the leisure class, and instead became the greatest parable maker known in our traditions since the Carpenter of Nazareth.

In 1860 Russia liberated its serfs and Tolstoy turned in the maturity of his young life to become a providence to those who were for the first time thrown upon their own resources. In such service he sought to find the truer meaning of life and a surer road to peace. He determined to try to shape his life on lines that would predicate a solution of the problems that beset modern life. He came to certain very clear, definite policies, five unchallenged contentions: (1) That liberty of soul as well as of body is our absolute right, that the fetters of spirit are as deplorable as the fetters of limbs; (2) he insisted that wealth can never be anything but a trust, that there can be no title to any accumulation of mind or of hand except the title that comes from just administration. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The Master of the universe did not create the gold in the mines, iron in the mountains or oil under the earth, nor did he direct the streams to flow, for any individual's exclusive benefit; (3) that the present economic system is wrong, that it doesn't work well, that there are horrible inequalities that ought to be removed, that there is manifest waste here and want there, that there is need of better adjustment; (4) that war is an unmitigated blight upon civilization, an unqualified evil, and that the only right attitude towards it is uncompromising opposition. His hope was that man might become so imbued with the sanctity of life that he would refuse to bear arms. This accounts for his championship of the Doukhobors. With their theology he had nothing in common, but because they had come to a vision of the human soul, because they refused even at the behest of government to kill a fellow being, he poured out his genius on their behalf, laid aside his scruples about copyright and writing for profit and sold his "Resurrection," that he might swell the fund that would protect these non-combatants. (5) That all reform must begin with the individual.

This man lived to merit the anathema of the church into which he was born, the censorship of the nation, but which in all its mad exercise of power never ventured on so reckless a thing as to lay physical hands upon this child of genius. They dreaded his message and forbade the publication thereof. They marred his sentences but they left his person untouched, and the place that waited for him in Siberia, the place of exiles and of martyrs, was denied him. Even the Czar of Russia was so far in the counsels of the Almighty that he did

not dare lay violent hands upon the prophet of the Eternal.

It is a striking fact that there is absolutely nothing new in the message of Tolstoy, not a single new accent except the splendid sincerity of it. The only unique element is found in the fact that Tolstoy was disposed to take Jesus at his word, that he really believed with Paul that the revelation of God to man through Jesus the Christ is workable; that the happiness and ultimate progress of the race depend upon the application in every day life of the golden rule, the sermon on the mount and the parable of the Good Samaritan. It is a thought provoking fact that he of all the boasted hosts of Christian confessors tried to enforce the Master's teaching in his practice and to interpret the findings of his genius in terms of conduct.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

From an Unpublished Manuscript.

Symposium

MARY AUSTIN, Poet and Novelist

I read Tolstoy when I was young and recall only that I was tremendously moved by him. Once later I tried to read several of his essays, and especially his book about Jesus, and marveled that I should ever have been engaged by them. Looking back, he stands up for me over the Russian landscape like some vast, natural phenomena, as imposing as a thunderstorm. No doubt in his time he was as fruitful, especially to the Russian soul. I doubt I shall ever read him again. I am sure he was a great man in his time, more than that I can not feel sure of. Perhaps he was too much dominated by his race to measure further than its reach.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, Professor, Smith College, Author, "The Genesis of the World War," Etc.

Those things which I have come to admire most in Tolstoy are: his evident sincerity; his capacity for logical application of religious principles, as he envisaged them; his rare understanding of what it would mean literally to be a follower of Jesus and of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount; his rebellion against the artificiality of conventional social life; his opposition to war and militarism and to brutal punishments for crime; and his reaction against the over-regimentation of life by the autocratic and centralized political state. Equally notable and praiseworthy was his contention, either by explicit avowal or implication, that aesthetic matters represent the ultimate in human achievement. If I were to select what I regard as the most important and tenable of Tolstoy's doctrines I should choose his pacifism and his opposition to patriotism, war and militarism.

At the same time, I have never been able to regard the attitude and philosophy of Tolstoy as of contemporary vintage or adapted to serving as the basis for social reconstruction in the twentieth century. While the state at present intrudes into many phases of life which should be left to the control of individual initiative or public opinion, there can be little doubt that the growing complexity of contemporary life will require more and more legitimate intervention on the part of the state. A follower of Tolstoy might retort that this would not be so if we were to follow Tolstoy and revert to the simple life. The answer to this is the obvious one that we cannot support our present populations if we abandon the machine technology, which is the chief cause of our present social and cultural complexity. Even more dubious is Tolstoy's repudiation of modern science. While it may be that art, in its widest implications, is the highest form of human expression, man can be freed for the best appreciation and practice of art only by means of that reduction of labor, disease, fear and superstition which science alone can produce. Science, rather than faith and good-will, must become the guide of humanity if we are to be led out of our present perplexities. Religion may doubtless act as a dynamic complement to science, but it will need to be a religion based upon modern scientific conceptions, rather than on a repudiation of science, such as Tolstoy envisaged. Particularly foolish was his opposition to the sex education of youth. His vegetarianism and allied vagaries represent an extreme as untenable as those brutalities and artificialities against which he revolted.

In short, Tolstoy appears to me as a colossal and complex personality, distinguished by deep and sincere convictions, rather than as an alert leader of modern thought. Those more cordial to the sentimental and mystical views of life will doubtless accord him a higher place as a leader. In any event, in this day of docile conventionality and standardized Babbittry, a non-conformer on the scale of Tolstoy must command our interest and respect.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN, Bishop

If I believed that Jesus was an historical personage, and if I believed the doctrine of reincarnation, I would believe that Tolstoy was a Jesus reincarnated.

And, if I believed in the existence of a conscious, personal God and that Jesus was his divine son, incarnated to the end that he might shed his blood for the redemption of the world from an eternity of misery to which it was doomed because of the fall of the first man and woman, I would believe that God, seeing the failure of his first plan of salvation, concluded to try a second, that of having his son born as a child in a palace of a king and queen instead of in a stable of a peasant virgin and of having him save the world by writing great books instead of by shedding precious blood.

Yet I would believe the two plans for the salvation of man to have this in common: the divine son in the cases of both Jesus and Tolstoy is identified with the working class instead of the owning. It is evident from this that God sees (if there is a God who sees and plans things) that there is no use in his trying, even though he has divine power, to save the world from the top down; for, if it is possible to save it at all, it must be saved from below up. The peasants must save Russia; the negroes must save America, the Jews must save the world.

After Jesus, God saw, what I wish our militants could see, that the world can not be saved by blood. After Tolstoy, God saw, what I wish that our pacifists could see, that the world can not be saved by reformation.

So God worked out a third plan of salvation which involved the reincarnation of his son in a revolutionist and Lenin became the successor of Jesus and Tolstoy and he fulfilled the will of his divine father by setting on foot a world revolutionary movement and starting it off in the right direction.

Through Lenin God is now making up for the time he lost in devising the other plans for saving the world and in trying them out through Jesus and Tolstoy.

CLARENCE DARROW, Lawyer and Publicist

It is not alone for the good he has done, or even the good he has sought to do, that the life and work of Leo Tolstoy shine so brightly through the mists and darkness of the world. Since man was born upon the earth, there have been the rich and poor, the strong and weak, the master and the slave. One class has ever had the power to rule and the humble millions been forced to do its bidding and its will. These poor and weak and suffering ones have been hewers of wood and drawers of waters, not because they wished it so but because they had no power to choose. Patiently, through all the ages, they have bent their backs to receive the heavy burden which earth's favored ones have decreed that they should bear, and yet through the long, dark centuries they have groaned and muttered and cursed the fate which doomed them and theirs to suffer for the world. When one of these bondmen slays his master, or cries out against oppressions, or boldly strikes for freedom against fearful odds, we sympathize with the cause and man, and feel regret that he must fail; but still we know that he is battling for himself; that for the time he feels the injustice which the centuries have heaped on him, and rebels against the cruel, heartless fate that yoked him to his endless task; but when a ruler leaves his favored class and takes his place beside the humble and the weak; when the driver lays aside the goad which the world has placed ready in his hand, and, stepping from the cart where he was wont to ride, bares his shoulder to the heavy yoke that rests upon his fellow's neck,

when one of earth's pampered, favored sons refuses to ride upon his brother's back, but bravely takes a humble place to work with him, to live with him, to die with him, then may the world well marvel and stand amazed at what it sees.

Leo Tolstoy will live in history for his philosophy of life. Brilliant though his novels be, these are but the gold and tinsel which flutter at the theater to beguile the crowd. The world is full of entertainers. They paint pictures—write books—make music—sing songs—blacken their faces and contort their bodies—all to amuse an idle class of parasites, a class of men and women who have managed to separate themselves from work and their fellow men, and who must therefore be amused. These authors and painters and actors and contortionists call themselves artists, and they dance and parade before the idle public to buy a portion of the ill-gotten wealth that is extorted from the labor of the poor.

Tolstoy's fame will not rest upon these early creations of a master's art. It will rest upon his life, upon the message that he speaks to man, upon what he tells us of the duty that each owes to his kind, of the true solution of that endless awful, ever present mystery, the purpose and the meaning and the end of life.

No true art exists that does not have as its fundamental purpose the desire to better and to serve mankind. The prophets and seers and saviors of the earth have given freely of their power and genius to help their fellow man. Ever and ever again have the rulers of the world taken them to the top of a high mountain, and pointing to all the kingdoms of the earth have offered these in payment for their souls. Few have been so brave and strong as to resist the proffered bribe. Few have cared to stand with the outlawed and oppressed against the powerful and the great.

For the story of mankind is never new—injustice, oppression and wrong are ever fortified and entrenched. Here are lawyers with specious arguments and endless briefs, to prove that black is white, that wrong is right. Here are judges in high places ready to maintain existing things. Here is the state which protects the strong and subverts the liberties and natural rights of the disinherited and despised. And here is the press with its million brazen tongues—its tongues of malice, of envy, and of spite, ready to defile the truth, to proclaim falsehood and error to the world, and to lash to madness the passions and the hates of men. And here is the church, now as of old the home of the money changer and trafficker, the church raising its voice with the cry of the mob, and proclaiming to the world that whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and that whatsoever ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. And now, as of old, truth crushed and bleeding and helpless, has no tongue to speak and no voice to raise.

Well may Tolstoy say that we must turn back from the false, unwholesome luxury of to-day to the patient, toiling, simple poor. Well may he turn from his disciples, as another reformer ages since, from the closed doors of the great and the barred temples of the God of Hosts to the peasants, the fishermen, the publicans, the sinners, and the wandering, homeless Magdalens.

Leo Tolstoy had the brain to see and the strength to do. Amid the universal clamor of the crowd he has raised his voice for justice and for right, and his strong words and brave message will be borne by other tongues and upheld by other lives until righteousness shall rule upon the earth. In that day no man will compel the service of his fellow man, but each will gladly labor for the whole, moved by the righteous power of love. The great artist will paint no more to adorn the mansions of the rich, but earning his right to live by the labor of his hands, and knowing humanity as he knows himself, will draw his inspiration from the great eternal source of life and art, and dream such dreams and do such work as the world has never known. Then art will become a part of daily life, and daily life a part of art. To make one pair of shoes for weary feet will be as worthy in the sight of man as to write an epic poem, or compose a deathless song; to thatch one roof, as great as to paint the brightest hues that the sunset ever wrought; and to cool one parched tongue or hold out one hand to guide your fellow mortal through the dark, more than all the sermons ever preached by man.

JEROME DAVIS, Professor, Divinity School, Yale University

No words can express the debt which humanity owes to Leo Tolstoy. His name will live as long as literature kindles beauty and love in the minds of men. A master in the art of fiction, he cast it all aside to use his rare talents to awaken a renewed sense of spiritual values in the heart of mankind. When man has reached the stage in social evolution where war is frankly recognized as the horrible barbarism that it is, Tolstoy's name will be remembered. He was one of the first prophets of peace, whose life was dedicated to uncompromising opposition to force and to a profound belief in the goodness of mankind which makes the peace way practical. Tolstoy was not bound by little man-made theological systems: he believed that wherever love found expression in the life or a human personality, there was a spark from God.

Even more profound than Tolstoy's message was the life he lived. He saw clearly the deadening effect of material wealth. He sensed the fact that property is one of the gangrenous poisons rotting the soul of the people, and at the last he broke with the whole system about him, giving up the riches which he had won by the brilliance of his mind. He died alone, in poverty.

Our age needs the lesson of Tolstoy. May the spark of the divine fire of his life kindle the flame of love and peace in our hearts once again, and may we go out to dedicate our lives to peace and beauty for all mankind!

GEORGE R. DODSON, Minister, Church of the Unity, St. Louis

For an appreciation of the life, teaching and career of this great man, two facts are of supreme importance. In the first place, it was his misfortune and the world's misfortune that he was born in Russia. In that vast country there was practically no middle class. Hence it resulted that when Tolstoy revolted from the corrupt aristocracy into which he was born, there was no other class in Russian society to which he could turn except the peasants. He then adopted their dress, their mode of life and worst of all in some measure their standards and ideals. But there is another alternative. Our country, for example, is practially all middle class. The froth and the dregs found in pre-revolutionary Russia and in New York city of today count for practically nothing in American life. The great body of our people are neither proletariat nor privileged, but healthy minded, active and with sound instincts and ideals are improving their intellectual and moral as well as their economic condition from year to year. This is why Tolstoy has so little that is pertinent to say to us. His idealism is genuine, but distorted by the peculiar social conditions in which he lived.

The other fact, patent to a student of mental pathology, is less generally appreciated. I once asked Prof. Wm. James, when he had been speaking of Tolstoy, if the great Russian's views of life were not, in his later years, influenced by his physical condition. If Tolstoy had then consulted a competent specialist he would have been told something like this: "My dear Count, the disillusionment of which you make so much, the sombre views which seem to you a new clear vision of truth, are the emotional result of physiological poisoning, of toxines which your system has failed to eliminate." Professor James replied at once that I was certainly right in this conjecture, but curiously enough insisted that Tolstoy's views ought nevertheless to be considered on their own merits, since a sick man might see some truth which a well man might miss. This was characteristic of James' beautiful spirit, but I could not wholly agree, since I remembered another statement of a profound observer which seemed to me to be true, viz.; that a corrupt tree doth not bring forth good fruit.

For these two reasons, Tolstoy, despite his nobility and greatness, fails, and ought to fail, to appeal to this generation which so greatly needs leadership. Asceticism, in revolt against sensuality, is not the thoroughfare of life. Not through hostility to the mating instinct and other natural impulses does our common daily life become divine, but through the interpretation of ordinary life by the holy spirit of truth, beauty and love.

While, therefore, Tolstoy's attitude to the Russian society of his time is not the proper attitude of young Americans to the life of our time, it is gladly recognized that in his writings there are passages of clear, deep insight and of great nobility and truth. To take but one, recall the memorable page in his "Resurrection" in which he shows that it is possible to deal with bricks and earth and material things without love, but that men treated without love can not even live. With marvellous vividness and dramatic power his story sets forth the truth that love is a necessity of life.

THEODORE DREISER, Novelist

In connection with my recent trip to Russia, I shall always recall a visit to Tolstoy's former home at Yasnaya Polyana, an estate of some seventy-five or eighty acres about one hundred and fifty versts from Moscow, now maintained by the Government as a memorial. It was very cold when I left Moscow—solid Russian winter weather—and when I arrived everything was covered with snow. All about Yasnaya Polyana—the name means "a clearing in the woods"—were pine and birch trees. The temperature was ten below zero. As we reached the old house in a rattletrap sleigh which I secured at the nearest station—no money for invited guests in these days—an old, watery-eyed caretaker opened the door of the two-story white house and showed us certain rooms left just as Tolstoy had lived in them. At this time they were unheated and of a dreary aspect, all the plainness and ugliness of an ordinary American farmhouse. A large combined living and dining room, with a long table and grand piano, family portraits by Rapine on the walls, and a stuffy little study adjoining his bedroom, constituted the main portion of the second floor. Tolstoy's bedroom, by the way, was furnished with a simple, narrow bed, an old washstand, and on one wall of the room still rung his shabby old dressing gown—a mere rag. How frugally he must finally have lived!

On the other hand, the present living quarters of the house, occupied by his daughter Olga and his niece—the first a superintendent of a new Russia rural school now fostered by the Communists; the second a teacher of music in that school—presented a more cheerful appearance. At least they were warm and usefully furnished. Tolstoy's niece, an elderly woman who spoke a little English, received us most kindly and gave us tea and bread and cheese. Through the revolution, as she told me, she had lost all her wealth, and not only that but was clapped into prison for two months for no particular reason save that she had some money and was therefore Bourgeois—or a bloodsucker. And from this she only emerged after they decided that she was harmless. Then with but one dress—a rag—and no money she sought work and finally found it. Yet she seemed philosophical enough about the new order, and not only that but wished it well. I gathered that she felt that Communism would succeed in Russia. She told me that she was content to be permitted to live in one room of the old Tolstoy house for the rest of her life, although she would like to visit America. She also added that Tolstoy's youngest daughter, Olga, my hostess, had proved most kind to her.

Since it happened to be the seventeenth anniversary of Toltsoy's death I was asked to join in the procession to the grave, where memorial services were to be conducted. I found the novelist poetically resting beneath a grove of birch and pine trees, tall and covered with snow, but, and according to his wish, with no tombstone. For the day some pine fronds had been piled over him. Also and previous to our arrival the children from the nearby Tolstoy school had gathered about the grave and decorated it with autumn flowers. The large company, almost two hundred peasants from a village, walked in single file. Then as these elders arrived the children sang beautifully (those warm Russian voices of theirs!) the old Russian dirge: There Is No Death. (*Vechnaya Pamyat.*) One Milukov, a Communist friend of Tolstoy's, then spoke, emphasizing the importance of Tolstoy's social and humanitarian theories. After him Tolstoy's daughter Olga spoke of him as her father, and then a quaint little peasant, with a shaggy beard and kindly, smiling face recited thoughts inspired in him by Tolstoy's life and works. There followed a dinner at the Tolstoy residence, after which in the evening all the guests assembled in the living room to hear records of Tolstoy's voice in English, German, French, and Russian. His English and German as I noted were quite clear and effective. After this again, his niece played his favorite pieces, Tchaikovsky's Symphony "Pathetique" and Chopin's "Funeral March." Then a local choir composed of pleasant children sang still another song dedicated to him—and in those same moving, colorful tones. Still later, a prominent visiting Russian woman scientist and former friend of Tolstoy's, read extracts from biographies and reminiscences of his life at Yasnaya Polyana, among them one from Stanislavsky's memoirs of Tolstoy as a playwright and a man interested in the art of the stage. She also read an unpublished story by Tolstoy about his little nieces, of whom the pianist had been one—and the old family life in this very place. The program was finally concluded by the ragged Tolstoyan peasant, who had learned to read and write only some seven years before, who now came forward and shyly recited a poem of his own concerning Tolstoy. I was told it was excellent. He was the Communist school janitor at the time. His coat was very shabby and dirty, a little knapsack was slung over his back, and he wore huge felt boots, but on his face was a childlike and quite seraphic smile. Some mute, inglorious temperament as yet, maybe.

At midnight I was driven some twenty miles through the icy winds and snows of the region to the city of Tula, where I was able to catch a 2 a. m. train for Moscow.

DR. W. E. B. DU BOIS, Editor of the *Crisis*

Most lives are commonplace compromises with the stern facts of physical existence. Now and then a human being has courage enough to do the extraordinary thing: to live in spite of and in contradiction to his circumstances; to try by his deeds to bring logic and reason into an illogical and unreasonable world. Such a man was Lyoff Tolstoy. It is easy today to show with some clearness that his conception of the religion of Jesus Christ was unworkable, either in the Russia of his day or in the United States of ours. There is much to be said pro and con; but the great thing for us to remember now, one hundred years after his birth, is that here is a man that dared try; who had before him a vision of simplicity, poverty, unselfishness and peace, such as would transform the world and make it anew, if a sufficient number of people would follow in his footsteps. Very few men have dared this straight and narrow path. Very few men will dare. But it remains before the eyes of all seers and prophets, a Path.

RUFUS M. JONES, Professor, Haverford College

About the most unpredictable thing in the universe is the coming of a genius. The time of his arrival, his habitat on the planet and the peculiar traits and gifts which his life will reveal are all in the nature of *surprises*. The wind of the Spirit blows as it will in high matters of that sort. We perceive the effect, and note where the breath has passed by and left its perfume, but we cannot forecast his coming, or build tabernacles in advance for the unheralded guest.

The nineteenth century was rich in geniuses of a great variety of types. In that long roll of shining names Leo Tolstoy's belongs very near the top. Great as he was as artist, as writer, as imaginative creator, as story-teller, he was even greater as *prophet*. In every land all over the world there are men and women today who owe their *awakening* to him. He spoke the word that opened the doors that had shut them in, and he made them free with the freedom which the truth brings. He was a kindling and inspiring voice in his century and the magic of his pen goes on working. He made the gospel of Christ seem *real* to many who had missed its meaning, because they had identified it too much with nominal Christianity or with Churchianity.

One of the secrets of his life and power came beautifully to light in his final message and legacy to the world. In these solemn last words he tells us that if one is to live creatively and constructively he must learn how to transmute the aims and work of his exterior life into the life interior, and he must do it not only before men, but in secret and stillness before God. He must escape from the tyranny of space and time and grow in the fellowship of the eternal. It is not possible to live the completest life without devoting one's whole energy to interior perfection, to the cultivation of the soul. Whatever else we in America may learn from this great Russian genius who was born a hundred years ago, we could hardly do better than ponder on the meaning of his last words on interior depth and transmute them into the stuff of life and reality by the practice of this fellowship with eternity.

DAVID STARR JORDAN, President Emeritus, Leland Stanford University

It is to me a special honor and a real pleasure to have part, however brief, in the celebration of the centennial of Toystoy.

I shall make no effort to estimate the genius of this many-sided thinker and writer. In addition to the many ways in which Tolstoy has influenced modern thought and modern life, we must note that he was a leader in the greatest reform ever undertaken by humanity. Perhaps most arguments for the outlawry of war can be traced back to Tolstoy, and his name at once springs to the mind, whenever we speak of war

and peace. In this regard, however long the delay or however discouraging may be the setbacks, there can be no permanently middle ground. Either war must cease, or civilization with its civilized men and women, must perish.

War was long regarded and encouraged, by Church and State, as "the sport of Kings." So long as the kings paid the bills and secured the plunder, there was a sort of check on its ravages. "No money, no hired soldiers." Meanwhile, war-making had a special glory, reflected from the glories of royalty. But as kings became, in a degree, responsible to the people, the people became more responsible for them. Thus the nations, through their parliaments assumed their bills. "This" said Goldwin Smith, "removed the last check on war." For to the king, as absolute ruler, the resources of the people seemed unlimited, and could be drawn upon without check. More money yielded more soldiers, and with these greater skill and greater recklessness. Soon this skill was directed from the mere slaying of soldiers to the destruction of the more accessible lives and possessions of the non-combatants—men, women and children.

It is now solemnly argued that war by rapine and poisonous gases is in fact more humane than that limited to the slaughter of armies. That might indeed be the case if we gave up swords, gunpowder and dynamite, but when all modes of murder are retained, and preparations for war exhaust all financial resources, civilization must go under. And clear ideas in these regards we must trace back to Tolstoy.

JOHN MACY, Author and Critic

When Tolstoy died in 1910, the whole world of letters joined in a chorus of praise; and all rebels, revolutionists, liberals, libertarians, socialists, anarchists, irreconcilables of every stripe and label were for one happy funeral hour united. Tolstoy was a rebel who flocked alone. He had an immense following, but it was a personal following; he belonged to no cult, society, or party. He distrusted the socialists who seemed to him mere political theory-mongers. Violent anarchists, revolutionists of the deed, offended his Christian pacificism. His immense humanitarian sympathy embraced all whom his great contemporary, Dostoievski called "the abused and the insulted"; he was "agin the government" with all the fervor of an old Irish patriot, though he did not believe in shooting landlords. His opposition to evil was intensely individual, as was natural in a man of his dominating personality and tremendous power. He looked for salvation in the regeneration of the single soul and he attacked the governing and privileged classes as if they were personally and sinfully to blame for the sufferings of the under dog. His famous dictum, "The rich are willing to do anything for the poor except get off their backs," is an emotional account of society and has only the value of a passionate challenge. In point of fact, the rich have little will in the matter and are not morally responsible for a society which they did not create, of which indeed they are victims like the rest of us. There is much elementary wisdom in Tolstoy's tortured ethical indignation. But he had no sense of organization, no knowledge of economics, was limited by a Russian agrarian ignorance of the Western industrial world; so that most of his criticisms of the social structure are as obsolete as those of Carlyle, much less pertinent to present problems and any possible future than those of Ruskin and Marx. He was not a rational thinker, seer, or prophet from whom the world can take practical lessons, but a magnificent artist, a poet who saw deeply into the soul of man but not into the social and economic life of men.

Most of Tolstoy's books which deal with government, society, labor, industry, religion, ethics, and his absurd views of art, are already covered with mould. The Tolstoy that remains is one of the ten or twelve greatest novelists in all literature, two of whom were his countrymen. It is the Tolstoy who as a young man of the world, a swaggering swell in the uniform of the Tsar, not yet antagonistic to his caste, closes the second part of his first book, "Sebastapol," with these words: "The hero of my tale, whom I love with all the power of my soul, whom I have tried to portray in all his beauty, who has been, is, and ever will be beautiful, is Truth." Truth, as he saw it, is the hero of all his fiction for half a century, even of "Resurrection," which he wrote at seventy and in which the artist triumped over the reformer and swept from his snarled and perplexed mind everything except truth to human nature and an unsurpassed power to portray it. "Anna Karénina" makes most of our little triangle tales and sex intrigues, undernourished on Freud-and-water pap, seem too silly for an able bodied typist to waste time on. "War and Peace" extended the novel to epical dimensions. And the shorter tales including "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" and "Master and Man." "The Kreutzer Sonata," constitute an opus sufficient in itself to secure the reputation of a writer. Revolutions pass, accomplishing much, little, or nothing. Art remains.

Tout passe.—L'art robuste
Seul a l'êternitê,
Le buste
Survit à la citê.

ALFRED W. MARTIN, Leader, New York Society for Ethical Culture

Tolstoy was a prolific writer and most of his works, like the frescoes of Michael Angelo, are singularly self-revealing. Each book, whatever its subject, seems a chapter in his spiritual biography and much of his powerful appeal is due to this frank outpouring of his personal thought and feeling. Augustine was not more honest and outspoken than this peasant-thinker. Philosopher he was not, but an intensely earnest moral teacher, devoting the best years of his life to literary exposition and personal exemplification of the ethical doctrine,—"resist not evil." And his greatest work of art was not, as has been said, "Anna Karénina," nor was it any other of his outstanding literary productions; rather was it the life in which he practiced the moral teaching of the books. Of many a man we are obliged to say that while his ideals are very fine and high, his life falls so far short of them; in the case of Count Tolstoy we have to offer no such apology; the man's life and his teaching were one.

In "My Religion" he gave an abstract exposition of this precept of Jesus which was cardinal and central to Tolstoy's message; in "Ivan the Fool," we have a highly dramatic, concrete illustration of the precept, operating in personal and social life. While Ivan is the speaker, Tolstoy is the vicarious thinker, surveying the doctrine of non-resistance from various angles, meeting hosts of objections to it, pointing the invaluable benefits that would accrue to mankind from practice of it, chastising the Christian Church for ignoring it, contradicting it, explaining it away, accepting Christ in words and denying him in deeds.

With tireless iteration Tolstoy contended that civil government is based on a denial of Christ's precept; that the existence of courts, of a police-force, of armies and navies is wholly incompatible with it. With perfervid earnestness he crowded all this upon the conscience of the reader, each fresh statement of the thesis accentuating the intensity of his conviction.

While my studies of the gospel-records compel me to think Tolstoy overworked the precept of Jesus, read into it much that was no part of Jesus' thought, made application of it to situations and institutions wholly outside the scope of Jesus' purpose in proclaiming it; nay more, while I believe that the essential meaning of Jesus' conception of non-resistance was missed by Tolstoy, nevertheless do I gratefully and unfeignedly acknowledge the invaluable contribution he made to ethical living, first by the adamantive inflexibility with which he held to his most cherished convictions and in the face of persistent misappreciation and abuse; secondly, by the unfaltering and unblemished consecration with which he squared his life with what he believed.

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, Minister, Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City

Others will speak, more effectively than I can, of the brilliant work of Tolstoy in literature, and of his extraordinary awakening influence in the field of social ethics. Let me give a word of personal testimony to the powerful stimulus he gave, and still gives, to those who desire and attempt to live as Christians.

Count Tolstoy has been one of the strong and formative influences in my life; in part through what he wrote; very much more through what he was and did. His little tract, "What to Do Next" did more to arouse in me a sense of the importance and complexity of the problem of charitable relief than anything else I have ever read. His radical pacifism, while I do not share it, has compelled me to do hard and straight thinking on the problem of war and peace. It is impossible to enumerate all the points at which his spirit has touched mine with a galvanic effect.

But he has meant most as an outstanding, picturesque,

heroic demonstration of what it means to live by one's faith. In my youth, a saying of his arrested me, and has stayed with me ever since, among the decisive words in my mind and heart: "Christians do not think Jesus meant what he said." There he put his finger on the weak spot in Christianity. Often that saying has shamed or inspired me out of indifference to the ideals and teachings of the one I call Master and Lord.

And for all the bizarre and wrongheaded elements in the man's thought and life, he did stand out as a believer in taking the way of Jesus as he saw it, all the way along, down to his last act of going away to die in revolt against the crass comfort of our selfish civilization. My spirit owes so much to this great soul that it is a pleasure to be allowed to give this simple word of testimony.

HENRY NEUMANN, Leader, Brooklyn Ethical Culture Society

"There is no greatness where simplicity, goodness and truth are absent." In these words from "War and Peace" where he dismisses the claims of the conqueror Napoleon to men's homage, Tolstoy unwittingly tells us why his own name is deservedly revered. His simplicity was like that of the child who shames its elders by wondering why people say one thing in their churches but do another—not the wicked folk but the Godly ones. Supporting war was a single instance. Tolstoy could never be satisfied with halfway measures, whether for society or for himself.

For this reason he never found for his soul that complete peace for which he longed. But in his very agony, there is something still salutary to-day. Even though the simple faith to which he turned cannot mean to all his admirers what it meant to himself, he quickens us with the sense of a burning sincerity, passionately determined to do these two things. He must find truth and live by it, let the worldly frown or sneer as they might. "I with all my heart must be the judge of what is good and necessary"—and at all costs live by that light and no other.

Have we solved the problems which pressed upon him? Is the setting of to-day's life more friendly to the greatening of the individual soul? Have we come nearer to making the things of earth promote, instead of blocking, the forward movement of man's spiritual nature? Hail, Tolstoy! We owe you thanks for both the life and the writings which disturb us into a more acute awareness of the need.

WILLIAM PICKENS, Negro Orator and Leader

Tolstoy was so sensitive to the feelings of his fellow-man that he was willing to give up any of his own pleasures if they seemed to interfere with the happiness and comforts of others or likely to degrade his regard or dull his sympathies for others. He was once a smoker, but he gave up smoking for what would seem to many smokers a very insufficient, if not a trivial, reason. He did not give it up on any unreasonable religious grounds, nor on the slightly less unreasonable grounds of "morals." He evidently did not regard smoking in itself as either religious or irreligious, moral or immoral. But he noticed, or thought he noticed, that smokers, in the pursuit of their enjoyment, gradually grow unregardful or even callous of the feelings of those to whom smoke is a displeasure or physical discomfort. He saw smokers who by degrees seemed to acquire the hardness of heart to blow their smoke into the faces of others, whether they like it or not.

Tolstoy did not want to become in any way unheedful of the feelings or comforts of his fellow-creatures. Therefore he gave up what had to him become a pleasure and perhaps almost a nerve-necessity.

And, verily I say unto you, no man hath greater love than this: That he will lay down his pleasures even for those who are not his friends.

JOHN NEVIN SAYRE, Secretary, Fellowship of Reconciliation

On the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the German Empire, on January 18, 1921, I was present at a mass meeting in the city of Dortmund in the Ruhr where a Frenchman, a German, a Britisher, a Dutchman, and myself spoke against the iniquity of war and appealed to our hearers and all men of good will to refuse to take up arms if the call to war should ever come again. In the discussion which followed, a German ex-officer took issue with what we had said, called it unrealistic, reminded the audience that the French had placed black troops along the Rhine and that French soldiers at any moment were liable to invade the Ruhr, seize Germany's coal and dismember or destroy, if they could, the German nation. Immediately a German lad struggled out of the crowd, vaulted onto the platform and said:

"It is true, as the officer has said, that the French soldiers are just over the border and that they may come across and invade our Ruhr, but I do not think that the foreign visitors who have spoken to us tonight have spoken any word of unreality or delusion. I was a soldier in the war and when I was in the trenches there came into my hands a New Testament and Tolstoy's play, 'And a Light Shineth in the Darkness.' It is true, what Jesus and Tolstoy have said. It is not an illusion. Yes, even if our nation should lose its life in refusing now to resist war with the evil of war, it might thereby stir the conscience of the world to abolish war; and should it not be willing to die, if by its deed humanity could live?" . . .

In January of the next year French soldiers with tanks and machine guns took possession of the very city where this lad had spoken.

They were not resisted by war.

To-day they are gone.

The city is still there.

PHILIP SNOWDEN, M. P., British Labor Party

It is fitting that the humanitarians and lovers of peace of all lands should unite in celebrating the centenary of the birth of Leo Tolstoy. He was one of the world's greatest teachers. No writer of the Nineteenth Century did so much to make the fundamental laws of life understood by the common people. He was the teacher of the simple life, the life based upon love and justice. He has exercised a profound influence upon the lives of innumerable people who in their turn have indirectly influenced others. It is sometimes said that his gospel was too simple to be of practical use in a world so complex as this in which we live. But if we would base our individual lives on his simple teaching the difficulties and complexities of the modern world would dissolve.

It is fitting that we should ask ourselves the question, when celebrating this Centenary: How far have the teachings of Tolstoy impressed individual thought and public policy? I should answer that question by saying they have greatly succeeded in doing this. In spite of the Great War, nay indeed by reason of it, there is a greater longing for world peace today in the hearts of the peoples of all lands than ever before. There is in all countries a profound discontent with laws and systems based on injustice. There is a great longing for a simple life wherein men and women may love and live and enjoy the peace which passeth all understanding.

I profoundly believe that we are on the eve of great changes, and when our descendants celebrate the second Centenary of the birth of the great prophet it will be in a very different world.

NORMAN THOMAS, Socialist Candidate for the Presidency

Nothing is more certain to my mind than that Tolstoy belongs to that little group of ethical leaders who are and who deserve to be immortal. At point after point he challenges the imagination and conscience of mankind. I do not believe that salvation for our complicated society lies in a universal return to that primitive bread labor which Tolstoy advocated by word and deed. I share his ethical abhorrence of war without being convinced of the wisdom or practicability of a complete and absolute program of non-resistance, individual and social. I am nevertheless keenly aware that those of us who seek by rather different methods to make society a fellowship of free men need constantly to be reminded through him of that obligation to work and to love which was the great message of his life and his books.

STOYAN KRSTOFF VATRALSKY, Poet and Farmer, Krasnoselo, Bulgaria

Tolstoy was an idealist, whom no saint or idealist ever surpassed in integrity. If not the wisest of the wise, he certainly was the sincerest of the sincere.

He towered far above and centuries ahead of his age. It is tribute enough to say of him, as I think, that, being a contemporary with giants like Bismarck, Gladstone and Lincoln, in the realm of politics; like Darwin and Wallas, in the field of science; like Victor Hugo and Turgenieff, in the world of letters; like Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin, in pro-

phetic vision and single devotion, Tolstoy was the sincerest, therefore, the greatest of them all.

LILLIAN D. WALD, Founder and Head of Henry Street Settlement, New York

It was William Dean Howells, wise and balanced idealist, who first introduced us to Tolstoy, the writer, and he laid less stress upon Tolstoy, the man, than upon the great Russian author. Then Ernest Crosby, distinguished reformer, and our colleague, brought tidings of the profound influence that Tolstoy, the man, had had upon him; for Ernest Crosby having read and having been disturbed by the author, followed an irresistible urge to know the man and to receive from him a guide to life. Having listened, he became the disciple and tried faithfully to the end of his days to adjust himself to the master's teachings. That meant renunciation of his diplomatic career and his social traditions. And then Alymer Maude came to the Settlement. He and his wife had been greatly stirred by Tolstoy, and under his influence he gave up his successful business and devoted himself to services that were in harmony with the master's teaching. Following him came Captain St. John who relinquished rank and his military profession and became "non-resistant" forever after.

They came to the Settlement from many lands, sophisticated men and women, not markedly emotional, and they added their testimony and strengthened the conviction that was already swaying us of a great art and a personality of surpassing influence reaching our corner of the world. More important than his books we felt the power of the man, who presented dramatically the picture of one struggling as a giant might struggle to find a satisfactory art of life—searching for a way to live morally—and were we not obsessed by that supreme desire? Inevitably he meant to us somewhat more than the greatest of his books, for he made us think in terms of immediate action. He was disquieting and we found ourselves in our smaller sphere questioning the validity of accepted customs and trying to recognize the deeper relationships and even the incidental contacts in our day by day existence. We could comprehend his revolt and his resistance to the cherished powers that had been achieved at the high cost of injustice to others. It is difficult at this distant point to measure the extent and the influence of Tolstoy, but as I recall it, he seems to me of all the personalities that stood out in those days to care most passionately for the truth.

DR. WALTER WALSH, Leader, Free Religious Movement, London, England; author, "Tolstoy's Emblems" and "The Greater Parables of Tolstoy"

I lift my eyes to the Russian Titan's two shelvefuls of books before me, then cast them down to the white sheet on which I am writing, at a loss how to express in brief compass my thought of him who seems like ten of our greatest rolled into one. Repeat this quietly, slowly:

"Ask thyself sincerely which of the two thou desirest; that thou shouldst immediately be exalted, that thou shouldst see the fruit of thy deeds, but that thy work should be doubtful; or that thou shouldst be misunderstood, shouldst be abused to the end, but that thy work should be, for certain, God's work?"

No; it is not the "Imitatio," not à Kempis, the Christian monastic, but Tolstoy, the non-sect anarchist. It is as useless to enquire, Who is the greatest? as it was for the group round the Galilean. Flint strikes fire from flint, and in the pages of UNITY Gandhi has avowed the decisive influence of Tolstoy upon his life. That is enough. Over the crowd of mere story-tellers, over those we like best, Tolstoy is erected like a god. No more than we do of Amos do we think of him as a writer, but as a prophet whose moral grandeur would be diminished even by the word "genius." An artist who outlived criticism, he yet disowned mere aesthetics with a gesture of disdain, and devoted himself to the finer art of teaching mankind how to live. Though the time-honored method of killing the prophet was meditated and even essayed, Imperial Tsardom itself dared not lift finger against such majesty. For allegiance to God and Humanity he renounced both the sceptred Caesar and the mitred Caiaphas, and with sublime contempt ignored the dooms of both worlds. When, like Augustine, he turned from the world to God, he brought, like Augustine again,—not the enfeebled impotence of a blasé roué, but,—the unsubdued force of a colossus, which he devoted,—not to the building of a walled and gated City of God, but,—to the oncoming of a boundless Brotherhood of Men. To mystical vision he added rationalistic method, bringing an exact theory of life to bear upon law, church, state, property, marriage, art, science, with a remorseless logic which bites to the bone. All the smooth compromises by which the accepted *mores* are maintained crumble before analysis savage in its very sincerity, and the idols of the tribe fall to pieces before an assailant as turbulent as he is just. From the rulers of this world he feared nothing, asked nothing—neither pay, place, nor protection. In this hour of the world's great peril, we cry with the bystanders round his grave: "Our great Leo is dead (but) *Long Live Our Great Leo's Spirit!*"

STEPHEN S. WISE, Rabbi, Free Synagogue, New York; President, Jewish Institute of Religion

I do not know that a greater than Tolstoy has lived in the nineteenth century. He was to Russia what Lincoln and John Brown and Garrison together have been in our country,—an emancipator of the spirit of men.

Others will deal with the novelist. My concern is with the seer, who, though great as writer and great as liberator, was greatest as man. If his was not the Sophoclean genius of Dostoyevsky or the Ibsen touch, he had something else, a power of parable such as carries one back 1900 years. He set out in Russia to be a Christian, which inevitably meant conflict with the church calling itself Christian. Taking Christianity seriously, he was taken seriously to task by the church, which ultimately banned him, evoking from him a reply which the ages will not forget.

Russia did not in the end pursue the Tolstoyan way. His was the way of peace, and it chose the way of war. It took up the sword and by the sword it was undone. As a Jew, I cannot help adding that infinite agony would have been spared to the Jew if Russia had chosen to follow in the path of Tolstoy during the Romanoff regime.

Within a generation of his going, this prophet-seer is become epic and epoch. He was not a churchman but a religionist. He was such a mystic as the genius of human understanding and the high passion to seek God know how to make. UNITY does well to observe the centenary of him who as truly as any figure of the last century attained through love to perfect union with his brother men, and to perfect oneness with the Divine Father. His was a mysticism that would not rest until his passion for brotherhood had made him one with God and with men.

Correspondence

Letter Written by Tolstoy to Gandhi, Two Months Before His Death*

To M. K. Gandhi, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, September 7, 1910:

I have received your journal, *Indian Opinion*, and I rejoice to see that it supports absolute Non-Resistance. I am moved by a desire to tell you the thoughts which the reading of your paper has aroused in me.

The longer I live—and especiaiiy now when I clearly feel the approach of death—the greater do I feel the need of expressing myself upon what most nearly touches my heart, upon what appears to me to be of unparalleled importance: the knowledge that what one calls Non-Resistance is, in the last analysis, nothing more nor less than the teaching of the Law of Love, when uncorrupted by false interpretations and reservations. Love, or, in other words, the aspiration of the soul toward human fellowship and solidarity, represents a law of life unique and superior to all else. Every one of us feels this and knows this in the depths of his heart (we see it most clearly in the child). He knows it, that is, just so long as he remains unentangled in the world's net-work of lies.

This law has been proclaimed by all the sages of humanity—Hindu, Chinese, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman. It has been expressed most clearly, I believe, by Christ, who

*See reference to this letter in Romain Rolland's article in this issue. (Editor).

said in unmistakable terms that this Law contained all the law and the prophets. But more than this: Foreseeing the distortions which threaten this law, he specifically denounced the danger that it might be altered and misapplied by the people whose lives are given over to material interests. This danger is to be found in the fact that these people believe that they are authorized to defend their interests by violence, or, to use their own expression, to render blow for blow, to retake by force what has been seized by force, etc., etc. Jesus knew, as every sensible man knows, that the use of violence is incompatible with love, which is the highest law of life. He knew that, immediately violence is admitted even in a single case, the law is abrogated at a blow. Our whole Christian civilization, so splendid in appearance, is foundering upon this misunderstanding, this strange and flagrant contradiction which in some cases is deliberate, but more often is utterly unconscious.

In reality, the moment resistance by violence is conceded, the law of love is without value, and is no longer capable of having any value. And if the law of love is thus without value, there is no longer any law, except the right of the strongest. Under this law Christianity has lived for nineteen centuries! As for the rest, in every age men have accepted force as the dominant factor in social organization. The difference between Christian and other nations has been found only in the fact, that in Christianity, as in no other religion, the law of love has been clearly and unmistakably granted; and Christians have solemnly accepted it, while they have at the same time regarded as lawful the use of violence, and have established their life upon the basis of violence. The life of Christian peoples thus represents an utter contradiction between their profession and their practice, between the love which ought to be their principle of action and the violence which is recognized under diverse forms, such as government, courts, armies, all declared to be both necessary and proper. This contradiction becomes accentuated in the development of the inner life, and has become a veritable paroxysm in these latter days.

At the present moment the question is a perfectly simple proposition of "Yes," or "No." One must choose. Either to admit frankly that we recognize no moral and religious teaching, and propose to let the conduct of our lives be guided by the right of the strongest! Or to act as though all taxes imposed by force, all institutions of justice and the police, and, above all, the army, were abolished.

Last spring, at a religious examination in a school for young girls at Moscow, the teacher of religion first, and then an archbishop who assisted him, questioned the pupils on the Ten Commandments, and principally on the Fifth, "Thou shalt not kill." When the answer was correct, the archbishop often added this further question, "Is it always and in all cases forbidden by the law of God to kill?" And the poor girls, perverted by their teachers, were expected to answer and did answer, "No, not always. For in war, and for executions, it is permitted to kill." It happened, however, that one of these unfortunate creatures (this was told me by a person who saw and heard), having received the customary question, "Is murder always a sin?" flushed up, and answered feelingly and decisively, "Always!" And to all the sophisms of the archbishop she replied, immovably, that it was always forbidden, under all circumstances, to kill—this already by the Old Testament! As for Christ, he not only forbade killing, but also doing any evil to one's neighbor. In spite of all his dignity and all his oratorical fluency, the archbishop was at last silenced, and the young girl victorious.

Yes, we can prattle in our papers of the progress of aviation, the intricacies of diplomacy, the clubs, the discoveries, the so-called works of art, and pass over in silence what this young girl has said. But we are not able to stifle the thought of it, for all Christian men feel more or less obscurely just as she does. Socialism, anarchism, increasing criminality, industrial depression, the monstrous luxury of riches which, with the black misery of the poor, keeps growing steadily, the terrible series of suicides, all this state of things bears witness to that inner contradiction which must be and will be resolved. Resolved truly in the sense of recognizing the law of love, and of condemning all employment of force! This is why your activity in the Transvaal, which seems to us to be at the end of the world, is none the less standing at the very center of our interest. It is the most important thing upon the earth today; not only Christian peoples, but all peoples throughout the world, are involved in it.

You will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that with us also, here in Russia, an agitation like yours is rapidly developing, and that refusal of military service is on the increase from year to year. However small the number the Non-Resistants and the conscientious objectors may be, both groups are able to say, "God is with us. And God is more powerful than men."

In the profession of Christian faith, even under the perverted forms of Christianity which are taught us, and in the simultaneous belief in the necessity of arms and armaments for the enormous butcheries of war, there exists a contradiction so conspicuous that it must sooner or later, probably sooner, be made manifest in all its nakedness. Then will it be necessary either to suppress the Christian religion, without which none the less the power of the state could not be maintained, or else to suppress the army and renounce all use of force, which is also necessary to the state. This contradiction is felt by all governments, by your Britain as well as by our Russia; and in the very spirit of self-preservation, they pursue those who divulge it with more vigor than any other activity hostile to the state. We have seen it in Russia, and we see it now in what your paper publishes. Governments well know whence comes the gravest danger which threatens them; and it is not only their interests which they protect thus with such vigilance. They know that they are battling here for life—or death!

LEON TOLSTOY.

The Study Table

"Flesh Warreth Against Spirit"

This latest book* on the great Tolstoy is critical rather than eulogistic in spirit, but critical in the sense of analysis and understanding rather than of condemnation. It may be regarded as one more example of the "new biography," although it takes no deliberate or wicked delight, as many of these new biographies do, in exposing a much loved and reverenced hero to the ribald mockery of the mob. Mr. Fausset seeks to get at the real Tolstoy by the application of the scientific method to the vast mess of material which the Russian produced during his long and busy life. He believes this material, novels and plays as well as diaries and letters, constitutes "one vast diary for fifty years, one endless and minute 'confession.'" So he lays it all under examination, without prejudice or preconception, and brings us the result.

What he finds is not new. It is the familiar thesis—familiar because so largely true—that Tolstoy's soul was a divided soul. His inner life was a drama of conflict in the ancient Pauline sense of flesh against spirit and spirit against flesh. All his days, even in his early, reckless and dissolute youth, he was a man rent by the struggle between his bodily passions and his spiritual conscience. To end and thus to solve this conflict was the purpose of his life. This purpose swallowed up every other aim and ambition. The supreme artist became absorbed and lost in "the baffled searcher for an art of life." For a half-century Tolstoy was obsessed with the problem of "how to live morally."

*"Tolstoy: The Inner Drama," by Hugh Panson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace & Company. $3.50.

It drove him in the end to his death, as it dominated for decades every action, word and even thought of his life.

At bottom, of course, Tolstoy was a magnificent animal. His tireless pursuit of women in his youth, his zest for war, his love of hunting and the chase, his desire for money and all its uses, his indulgence in luxury and ease, all these were so many wild expressions of the physical passions which knew no taming nor exhaustion. In many men, this sensual or fleshly side of life, rooted in the basic animal instincts within us all, goes no farther than insistence upon its own gratification. In Tolstoy, however, it didn't end where it began, in mere animalism. His instincts were the gross passions of the flesh, no doubt about that, but they were also profound realizations of beauty and ecstacy and wild delight. Tolstoy was keenly sensitive to colors and odors and sweet sounds; he revelled in the sight of grass, in the feel of earth, in the glory of the star-strewn heavens. He moved in the world of nature and in the society of men as one "intoxicated." This of course was the artistic side of his soul. Like a lily from the muck and mire of a swamp, sprang the literature which carried Tolstoy's name around the world as one of the greatest geniuses of all time.

This was one Tolstoy—the fleshly Tolstoy, the worldly Tolstoy, Tolstoy the debauchee and warrior and artist. But there was another Tolstoy—a Tolstoy already well-known to the gallant and self-indulgent soldier-novelist, and already clearly revealed to the world in the famous novels had the world had eyes to see. This was the spiritual Tolstoy, who was giving the worldly Tolstoy no peace. It was conscience passing judgment upon instincts. It was the *man*, rising above the animal and the artist alike, and demanding dominance over the matchless power of this life. In this great Russian, in other words, there was a moral passion mightier even than the physical or sensual passion that had early mastered him. This passion made itself felt long before he discovered pure Christianity, and through this discovery was made to understand his spiritual nature. Indeed, it was this passion of his soul, as insistent upon gratification as any instinct of the flesh, that led him, in his wild searchings for relief, to the New Testament and the teachings of Jesus, in which at last he found the way of life.

Now it is in the conflict between these two sides of Tolstoy's nature, that Mr. Fausset finds the secret of Tolstoy's career. This is "the inner drama," of which he speaks. The conflict began in Tolstoy's early youth; flesh was victorious, but spirit was not beaten. In his mature years, the conflict raged on even terms, and resulted in the most stirring personal drama of modern times. In his waxing age, the conflict went on unabated; but spirit now began to get the upper hand. Still flesh was never beaten. Even at 80, Tolstoy still looked with adoring eyes at a pretty woman, a lithe racehorse, and the "leaves of grass." It was this persistence of the rebellious flesh, when spirit had so triumphantly fought its way to the throne, that taught Tolstoy to hate life, to hate it "because he loved it, would have perpetuated it eternally." It was this, also, that drove him to perpetual despair —because he "found in (life) no permanence or peace"—and at last to the terrific *finale* of his flight and death. He conquered himself only by destroying himself. His "triumph" was the triumph of death and not of life.

This is Mr. Fausset's thesis. In so far as it is not new, it is true. Our author makes it, perhaps, more impressively true than ever before by the illuminating way in which he uncovers the struggle through all the long and tangled record of Tolstoy's words and works. But if this is the truth about Tolstoy, it is not the whole truth. Thus, this biographer quite neglects the gigantic intellect which was fully as much a factor in Tolstoy's life as his physical sensibilities on the one side and his spiritual conscience on the other. The lust of experience was in Tolstoy, and also that strange asceticism which fought so long and hard. But in addition to these there was a supreme intelligence, a sweeping power of thought and rationalization; and no picture of the duel in this man between flesh and spirit is either accurate or just which fails, as this book seems to fail, to present this third element which, after all, was the dominant element. It was his intellect which made Tolstoy's later writings, which ignored or defied all artistic standards, an even greater force in the world than his marvelous literary creations. It was this intellect which restored pure Christianity to a world which had lost or forgotten it in centuries of absorption in ecclesiastical and theological concerns. And it was this intellect which gave form, substance and projection to the moral genius of the great Russian, and made him the mightiest single moral phenomenon of the nineteenth century.

In the same way, Mr. Fausset neglects that stupendous outward conflict with society into which Tolstoy's inner conflict developed in his later and greater years. It is wrong to accuse Mr. Fausset of neglect here, as an author has a right to choose his field, and he warns us fairly on his title-page that he has chosen the field of "the inner drama." But just because this choice is inevitably arbitrary, it should be remembered that Tolstoy looms highest and farthest as a protagonist of social change, and that his mightiest conflict was not with his own soul, but with the church and state which outwardly enslaved that soul. More clearly than any other man of modern times, Tolstoy showed the incongruity between civilization and Christianity; and more uncompromisingly and heroically than any other he led the battle for a world that should know not war, poverty, or oppression.

Mr. Fausset's book has its faults and limitations. But it is an able work, and an important addition to the Tolstoy literature.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

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ANNIVERSARY EDITION OF TOLSTOY IN SOVIET RUSSIA

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of Leo Tolstoy's birth, the Soviet government of Russia has undertaken the publication by the Gosisdat (State Publishing Company) of the first complete edition of the author's works. Tolstoy's writings have never been printed in full. The Czarist censor and personal circumstances interfered. Now the Soviets have undertaken the task.

The new edition will consist of ninety volumes and each volume will average 400 pages. It will be divided into three series: (1) literary, pedagogical, philosophic and religious productions, (2) diaries and note books, (3) letters. The first series will contain no fewer than 3,200 pages of hitherto unpublished manuscripts. Of the contemplated 2,288 pages in the diary and note book series, only 282 pages have ever appeared in print. And 4,000 of the 7,000 letters are new. This letter series will fill thirty-two volumes, and will include Tolstoy's correspondence with Chertkov, his secretary and life long friend (920 letters) never previously published, as well as 680 letters to S. A. Tolstoy.

The last three volumes of the edition will consist of biographical data, and each volume will be carefully and copiously annotated by the best Tolstoy authorities. Among the members of the editorial board are Chertkov and Count Leo's daughter, Alexandra, both of whom live in Moscow.

An interesting feature of this monumental collection is the publication of various drafts which were rejected by the author with the text finally approved by him. Numerous unfinished manuscripts and outline plans are likewise to be printed. Special interest, naturally, must attach to those sections deleted by the pre-war censor and now published for the first time. There will be 500 illustrations.

The entire library of Tolstoy will be on the market before the end of the current year. Negotiations are proceeding for simultaneous publication in foreign countries. *

*UNITY is indebted to the special correspondence of the New York TRIBUNE "Books" for this announcement.

Drama Note

Henry Bailey Stevens' drama, "Tolstoy," which has been running serially in this paper during the past summer, has just been published in book form by Crowell and Company, New York. European translation rights have been asked by Sevire, of the Hague, and it is expected that the play will appear in several European languages this fall. UNITY is gratified that it had the privilege of first giving this impressive Tolstoyan drama to the world.

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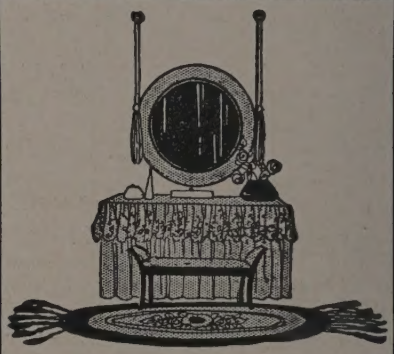

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